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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK...	237	"An Apostate Nation." By J. H. Badley ...	254
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		Neutral Immunities. By Th. Baty ...	255
The Country, the Crisis, and the Coalition. By H. W. M. ...	240	"The Great Chance." By the Author ...	255
The Real Danger of the Riots ...	241	Destroyers and Submarines. By Senex ...	255
Shall we Copy Germany?... "If Italy Comes In —" ...	242	The Prophet of the Aeroplane. By Rev. David Russell Kyd, B.D. ...	255
A LONDON DIARY. By A Wayfarer ...	245	Prices at Classical Concerts. By "Lover of Music" ...	255
THE NEW EUROPE. I.—Two Ideals of Nationality. By Arnold Toynbee ...	246	POETRY:—	
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		Second Sight. By Laurence Housman ...	256
The Oasis of Peace. By Henry W. Nevins ...	248	MAP showing the Battle Front in the Eastern and Western Theatre of the War ...	257
The Progressive Atom ...	249	THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By Penguin ...	258
Home Above All ...	250	REVIEWS:—	
MUSIC:—		The Dawn of Truth on the German Mind. By Dr. J. Holland Rose ...	260
The Festival of British Music. By Ernest Newman ...	251	Henry Vaughan—Silurist ...	262
LETTERS FROM ABROAD:—		Big Game Natural History	260
Ruit Hora. By a Correspondent in Rome... ..	253	The Rivalry in the Balkans. By Sir Edwin Pears ...	268
COMMUNICATIONS:—		Four Types ...	268
What About the Factory Acts? By W. Mellor ...	253	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ...	270
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—			
The Peril of Conscription. By Democrat ...	254		

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## Events of the Week.

THE Liberal Government which entered upon the war still retains a nominal life, but its real "being" has ceased. On Tuesday evening the "Pall Mall Gazette" announced in an inspired article that the Liberal Administration was moribund, and that a Coalition Government was in process of birth. This proved to be true. It was made clear by announcements in the Party Press that Ministers held their offices at the disposition of the Prime Minister, that he had decided to call for the co-operation of the Opposition leaders, and that they were prepared to come in on condition of halving the control of the Cabinet and the subordinate offices. The responsibility for this unusual course remains with Mr. Asquith, and it is not suggested that his associates in a Government that has virtually lasted since 1906 were asked to share it.

Nor has the reason for this step been revealed. But one important factor has been disclosed. At the end of the week Lord Fisher resigned his position as First Sea Lord. Again, no authoritative reason has been made public, but the obvious assumption is that Mr. Churchill has encroached on the power of the naval directors, and, in Lord Fisher's judgment, has made their position impossible. It may be assumed that this has reference not merely to the expedition to the Dardanelles, but to

the general subordination of the Board of Admiralty to the First Lord. It seems clear that the Prime Minister did not at first accept Lord Fisher's resignation, and that efforts were made to induce him to withdraw it. They failed. Lord Fisher persisted, and it is not at the moment of writing clear that he has as yet consented to return to the Admiralty. But it is obvious that he will and must return, armed with adequate powers to control the movements of the Grand Fleet. Such a disposition should be made with the least possible delay—a delay of hours rather than of days.

It seems doubtful, however, whether in itself Lord Fisher's resignation would have entailed the break-up of the Government. But it was clearly accompanied by representations from the Front Opposition Bench, claiming either freedom of criticism on the Dardanelles Expedition, and maybe, the supply of munitions, or closer association with the conduct of affairs. This claim, which the "Daily Chronicle" bluntly describes as blackmail, the Prime Minister thought it wise to concede, having in view the situation at the Admiralty, the complaints as to the supply of ammunition, a condition of strain and perhaps of personal conflict at the War Office, and the way in which all these difficulties were aggravated by the reckless criticisms of the "Times" and other Opposition journals. On Wednesday, he indicated, in a few sentences addressed to the House of Commons, the result of this dramatic procedure.

MR. ASQUITH announced the destruction of his Government and the suspension, if not the break-up, of the Party system with laconic brevity. Steps, he said, were "in contemplation" which involved the "reconstruction of the Government on a broader personal and political basis." The Prime Minister attached three conditions to this change. The first was that it did not involve his own position or that of the Foreign Secretary. The second was that it implied no change in the energetic prosecution of the war. The third was that it indicated nothing "in the nature of surrender or compromise on the part of any person or body of persons of their several political purposes and ideals." The first two announcements were received with loud cheers. The third was heard in silence. Probably neither party knew precisely what it meant. We can only pray that it covered a definite understanding that conscription had been ruled out of the policy of the Coalition. If not, Liberal and Labor members can hardly join it or remain in it, and it will harden into a definitely or predominantly Unionist Ministry.

At the time of writing we hear nothing definitely of its composition. Parliament has been adjourned for a fortnight, and some Ministers are already marked for retirement and others for reinstatement. It may be assumed that Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. Chamberlain will be included, but not Lord Lansdowne, and possibly not Lord Curzon. It is hinted that Lord Kitchener will be retired, a loss which we think will gravely perturb the country, and that the Ministry of

War may be divided, Mr. Lloyd George assuming responsibility for the organization and the service of munitions, Mr. Chamberlain replacing him at the Treasury, while Mr. Bonar Law goes to the Board of Trade. It is a misfortune and an indignity that members of the Cabinet of great distinction are singled out as victims of an arbitrary process of selection, in which seats in the Cabinet are "claimed" by the Opposition leaders on the "Times" theory of an "equality of power." The Prime Minister has with much skill stopped a movement of protest within his party, but it is probable that individual Liberals and Radicals will sit in opposition. Nor are the rank and file on the Opposition benches united or satisfied. A period of deep unrest has been opened, and we can only hope that it will not affect the substantial unity of the nation.

MEANWHILE, the only substantial gains that the country can look for from the change of Government will be a harmonious administration of the Admiralty and a better organization of the supply of munitions. As to the latter, there has throughout been a certain failure to co-ordinate the production of these necessities, to link up the local committees, and fortify them with a central body, and thus to bring under survey and into speedy operation the entire manufacturing resources of the country. This probably means a greater reliance on the best civilian brains in the country, a device on which we have repeatedly insisted, and which the War Office has been slow to apply.

PERHAPS the most interesting of the political developments involved in the formation of the Coalition is the attitude of the Labor Party. Mr. Asquith invited their co-operation within the Cabinet. By a small majority the Executive of the Parliamentary Party assented, and it is probable that Mr. Henderson, the Chairman, will have a seat in the inner circle, and one or two other members—Mr. Roberts and Mr. Brace are mentioned—in the outer. Probably some assurance on conscription will be sought, and we hope obtained. But the unity of the party will in any case be strained. Mr. Snowden points out in the "Manchester Guardian," that the acceptance of office in a Coalition or non-Labor Government involves "a complete departure from the fundamental policy of the party." Everything political, indeed, is in the melting-pot, and no one can tell the form into which all this fluid metal of principles and personalities will finally harden.

ITALY has given her vote for war, and the Chamber has ratified the decision of public opinion. At its historic sitting on Tuesday it adopted an Emergency Bill, which confers dictatorial powers on the Salandra Ministry in the event of war. The Neutralist opposition has collapsed, and the future course of the Cabinet is determined by the fact that on May 4th it had already denounced the Triple Alliance, and that it has reached a full understanding with the Triple Entente regarding its territorial claims. The Prime Minister's speech was not argumentative or informative. It was rather such an appeal to unity as a statesman makes when he knows that it already exists. He did not in set terms announce war, but he asked the country to prepare for everything in this supreme trial, and his peroration was an appeal to the army. No doubt remains either in Italy or Germany that war is inevitable. Austria has, however, made an eleventh-hour proposal. She improves her previous concessions by offering that Italy shall occupy the ceded territories, so soon as the mixed commissions

have settled details. The summaries of the Green Book show that Italy demanded over and above Austria's concessions a wider line beyond the Isonzo, five Dalmatian islands, and the erection of Trieste into an independent State. The general comment in Italy is that Austria's final offer comes too late, and both sides are making their last arrangements for war.

THE history of the Italian crisis can hardly be fully known across the curtain of two censorships. The main fact, when it is seen in retrospect, is that the resignation of the Salandra-Sonnino Cabinet late on the night of Thursday week, was a brilliant move in political strategy. It was an appeal to the emotions of the people, who in Rome at least, have made up their minds for war. Under the leadership of Signor d'Annunzio, who has made himself the eloquent voice of Latin democracy, they rose against the bare possibility that Signor Giolitti and the Neutralists might triumph. Angry demonstrations were hastily organized not merely against them, but also against Herr Erzberger, of the German Centre, whose too public manipulation of the Clerical press and the Vatican had given as much offence as Signor Giolitti's interviews with Prince von Buelow. It is possible that Signor Salandra also reckoned on the notorious reluctance of Signor Giolitti to assume office in difficult circumstances.

WHETHER calculated or instinctive, the resignation helped the Interventionist cause. The King found no statesmen ready to form a Ministry, and after consultations with the President of the Chamber, and other "elder statesmen," the resignation of the Salandra Cabinet was finally declined. The comment of the Ministerial press was that two days of patriotic agitation had saved the situation. In spite of the fact that he commanded the other day two-thirds of the Chamber and four-fifths of the Senate, Signor Giolitti on Tuesday left Rome and returned to his home in Piedmont, the one region of Italy where opinion is still for neutrality. His departure was naturally hailed as a retirement from the contest. The Salandra Cabinet took up the thread of the crisis where it had been broken, with the Triple Alliance formally denounced, and an agreement concluded with the Triple Entente.

FROM the German side a last effort to influence public opinion in Italy was made by the German Chancellor, who on Tuesday divulged to the Reichstag the terms of the penultimate Austrian offer, which, he added, Germany would guarantee. The concessions included the cession of the Trentino and of the territory on the right bank of the Isonzo, the concession of an Italian administration and University to Trieste, which would become an Imperial Free City, the recognition of Italy's ownership of Avlona and the complete retirement of Austria from Albania, with various concessions to the small remaining Italian population of Austria. Though the Chancellor seemed to say farewell to his late Ally, he none the less made a final appeal for peace to the Italian Parliament, a new departure in the technique of diplomacy.

THE week's news from the Western Front is decidedly encouraging. The brilliant French offensive of last week north of Arras has not entirely ceased, and further gains have been won about Souchez and Neuville on the edge of the diminished Lens salient. Another notable French success, which the official news dismisses in four lines, has been won on the Yser Canal. Here the Germans had



won and held a bridge-head at Steenstraete, and it is said that their cavalry was massed behind it for a dash on Dunkirk, during the first confusion caused by the use of gas. The French have now recovered their hold on the right bank of the canal, and found 2,000 German dead in the trenches. The rain and mist explain the inaction during the middle days of the week.

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ON Monday our First Army stormed the German trenches over a two-mile front from Festubert to Richebourg l'Avoué. The artillery preparation was prolonged and effective, and recent experience had determined Sir John French to make the infantry attack by night. It was continued for nearly twelve hours, from midnight to noon, and won a full mile of ground, across two, in some places three, lines of trenches. Our attack was delivered with the bayonet and hand grenade, and the German reply was mainly with the machine-guns, which the officers are now said to be working when the fighting becomes desperate. The usual counter-attacks resulted only in heavy slaughter of large German masses. Our prisoners numbered from 500 to 1,000 men.

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THE Russians seem to be slowly repulsing the German advance towards Riga, but Libau is still held, and the raid, though checked, is not yet repelled. On the other hand, the Russian retirement in Middle Galicia and Southern Poland continues, with no present signs of a recovery. The Russian line now runs well to the East to Kielce in South Poland, while in Galicia the defences of the San have been forced, and the Germans are on its Eastern bank. Jaroslav has fallen after Sambor, and Przemyśl is being bombarded. The Russians have been forced to withdraw entirely from the Carpathians, and the fruits of all their slow and costly advance through the passes are lost. They are being pressed back to the line of the Dniester, and though they maintain that the Austro-German claim to have taken 170,000 prisoners exaggerates the real facts four times over, their losses must have been heavy. The only compensation is that they have distinctly bettered their position along the Pruth, on the confines of the Bukovina.

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THE continued silence of the Press Bureau regarding the Dardanelles puts a wholly unnecessary strain on public confidence. No official narrative has appeared of any events since April 28th, save for a vague communication dated Cairo, which adds nothing of value to our knowledge. On the other hand, a long and detailed letter from Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett gives a brilliant account of the fighting on May 6th-9th. It was a battle across the whole narrow front of the Peninsula's point against the Turkish lines, with their centre in the village of Krithia, which defend the big hill range of Achi Baba. It records some small progress won with great gallantry; but it reports the almost total failure of the most lavish use of the naval guns, firing both high explosive shells and shrapnel, to produce any considerable material effect on the enemy's trenches, or to destroy his *moral*. Such advance as there has been has been achieved with the bayonet. The Turks with ample reserves of men are fighting stubbornly, and the German leadership is skilful. The best news is political. Bulgaria's intervention is more probable than before. If that is realized, the fall of Constantinople is at hand.

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If the audience that heard Pitt's famous speech at the Guildhall rather more than a century ago could have seen in imagination the meeting held there on Wednesday, its wildest optimists would have thought themselves

sober and cautious prophets. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law could dwell on achievements of courage and generosity on the part of our Colonies in all parts of the world to which history supplies no parallel. We know what the Canadians have done in Flanders, and the Australians and New Zealanders in the Dardanelles. In South Africa General Botha has entered the capital of the enemy. India has exhibited a spontaneous enthusiasm of which Mr. Bonar Law truly said that we had more reason to be proud than of any of our conquests. This spirit inspired the speech both of our own Ministers and of the spokesmen of the Colonies.

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THE example of Newcastle-on-Tyne in forming an Armaments Committee composed of trade unionists and employers has now been followed on the Clyde and at Manchester. The Clyde Committee has sent messages to Admiral Jellicoe and Sir John French. The message to the Army runs as follows:—

"We, the representatives of the employers and working men on the Clyde Armaments Committee, ask you to tell the gallant men in the trenches that so far as munitions of war are concerned, they may expect the last ounce from the Clyde at the earliest possible moment."

This Committee has now organized arrangements for punishing slackers by imposing fines, which will be handed over to the trade union or to a charity if the defaulter is a non-unionist.

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AN obscure kind of civil war has broken out in Portugal this week, but a precarious order has been restored as rapidly as it was disturbed. The dissensions among the several Republican groups in the Chamber had led to the installation of a military government under General Pimenta del Castro. Its procedure was arbitrary, and it was preparing the elections by dissolving most of the municipalities. Its tendencies seem to have been Royalist, though it had made no declaration for the King. The Democratic wing of the Republican Party, making use of their firm hold on the navy, then prepared a *pronunciamento*. What exactly happened is not clear, but apparently the fleet prepared to bombard Lisbon, and the sailors, with civilian volunteers, overcame the "loyal" troops. The General was taken prisoner, and a Democratic Cabinet constituted under Senhor Chagas. He was shot, though not fatally, by a Senator of the Opposition, and is recovering. The conclusion seems to be that in spite of the turbulence of the Republican régime, the Portuguese have still faith enough in its future to resist a reaction.

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LONDON has been disorganized by a serious tram strike during part of this week, the only trams running being those carrying munition workers. The action of the men, who number about 6,000, in adding this cause of disorder to the difficulties of life in war time, has been generally blamed. At the meeting of the L.C.C. Mr. Gosling joined in the general censure. On the other hand the L.C.C., even if the men's statement of grievances is one-sided, and this can only be decided by arbitration, have acted with little judgment or sympathy. The men are demanding an increase of wages, a war bonus, and various reforms in their general treatment. This demand the L.C.C. have met by referring the men to their agreements, which last till June. This is to ignore the special conditions produced by the war. The question will probably be settled by the intervention of the Board of Trade.

## Politics and Affairs.

### THE COUNTRY, THE CRISIS, AND THE COALITION.

WE are not at this moment in possession of the reasons which have weighed with the head of the late Government in his decision to destroy it and to replace it either by a combination of selected Liberal and Conservative politicians, or by a slightly wider choice of representative men and political sections. But the country is fully aware of some of the circumstances that have contributed to so momentous a change. The most obvious of them is that the Government has been assailed, or perhaps we ought to say "sniped," by a commercial firm interested in various Conservative newspapers. Again, we have no means of judging with exactness to what extent such attacks, conducted by such a man as Lord Northcliffe, have weakened its moral authority. We should have thought their result had been nugatory, whatever effect of encouragement they might have had on the spirit of our enemy. Governments are truly weakened from within, and if in this case the assailant from without found no ally within the gates, or in the general body of self-respecting opinion, we should be disposed to regard his effort as negligible.

But let us freely admit that the Government has made one contribution of its own to the weakening of the position of advantage and trust it has held since the opening of the war. It has allowed the management of the Navy to get out of hand. That is not a light matter. It has involved an undertaking of doubtful wisdom, conducted, in the first instance, with an unwisdom of which there can be no doubt at all. When it appeared that the skilled naval director of our fleets disapproved of this policy, or had been insufficiently apprised of it, and had resigned his office as a protest, the Prime Minister's duty was clear. The Government may or may not have been right in appointing Lord Kitchener to the War Office. But it could not hope to maintain a military officer in supreme control of the Army while giving the ablest heads of the Navy no real command of the fate and operations of the Grand Fleet. The difference between Mr. Churchill and Lord Fisher could have but one end. Lord Fisher was bound to return to the Admiralty. The Prime Minister is equally bound to send him there in the company of a First Lord who will know how to exercise the civilian's and the statesman's right of judgment without reducing the Board to a shadow, and its most brilliant and experienced member to a silent and embarrassed item on the War Council.

Here, then, was a definite and, we should have thought, a manageable situation. Mr. Churchill's abilities are conspicuous, but they are not of the kind whose loss destroys a strong Government. He has no hold on the public, and there is no obvious reason why the present end of his own career should entail the ruin of his adopted party, or why he should retain a seat in the Administration which replaces the one

he has wrecked. If again the Government felt themselves weakened by factious criticism, an appeal to the country to support them in face of the national danger could only have evoked an adequate response. But these are regrets of the past. The Churchill-Fisher situation, and a similar position at the War Office, fomented by licentious attacks on Lord Kitchener, have been allowed to develop until they have destroyed the strongest Liberal Government since 1868. It is pertinent to ask who called for a change. Up to the present the Opposition leaders have been content to share some intimate counsels of the Government, without asking to be partners in their responsibility. Mr. Balfour, in particular, has availed himself freely of this open door, as his pervasive presence on Treasury Committees and other new organs of administration has sufficiently attested. Now a critical period of the war has been chosen to press a demand for what the "Times" calls an "equality of power." It is easy to divine an attitude on the part of the Front Opposition Bench which falls short of dishonoring eagerness for office. The Opposition leaders may have felt that they knew either too much or too little, and that if it was worth the Government's while to consult them, they were entitled to call for a full share of the intimate cares and duties of this anxious hour. It is an intelligible request. But if it was tendered, it amounted, in the prose of our political life, to a demand for a Coalition Government, and for the vacating of a number of Cabinet offices by their present Liberal occupants in the interest of Unionist successors. Such a demand has indeed been pressed by the "Times" or its satellites. Made by responsible statesmen, it would obviously imply a return to the normal conditions of political life. The Opposition would recover liberty of criticism, and the Government would be required to defend its management of the war. It would have before it an Opposition of the kind that Mr. Asquith had to deal with when revolt was in being in Ulster and in contemplation on the front Opposition Bench.

Now a Coalition Ministry may come into being as the result of a solemn and deliberate resolve that no organized and powerful section of national thought can safely be left out of our Imperial counsels. But if it merely issues from the pressure of one side on the other, its only true foundation is that of national necessity. The procedure is simple and well-recognized in our political system. If the Opposition can allege an ill-conducted war, a badly-managed Cabinet, or a conspicuous lack of talent and adaptability in specific offices, it can call for a change. But a British Prime Minister has a proper and usual constitutional answer to such a challenge. He can resign. Mr. Asquith has not resigned, and has called instead for a Coalition. For the present, therefore, the country is without a real Government, and the many urgent processes of organization in the hands of Ministers who suddenly find themselves changed into caretakers, must entail a more or less prolonged and extremely perilous period of suspense or delay. Such a delay is of vital consequence to the



Admiralty and the War Office, which should not be left another twenty-four hours without a decision as to the conduct of their business. But it is not possible to effect such a process without a reflection on the public servants who go, and some disparagement even of those who remain. The Government which was in existence yesterday carried on its shoulders, beside its vast executive responsibility, the maintenance of Free Trade, Home Rule, and Voluntary Service. The Ministry of to-day or to-morrow has no presumptive interest in any of these great causes. It has virtually no mind on the home life and affairs of our people. It is a War Ministry and nothing else. It is re-constituted, on what the "Daily Chronicle" calls the "fiat" of the Prime Minister, on the implied ground that a Coalition is the fittest instrument for that purpose.

On the face of things, nothing is added to the ability of the Administration by admitting Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Chamberlain, and excluding Mr. Harcourt and Lord Haldane, and less than nothing to its experience. The leading members of the Cabinet have enjoyed many years of office; and at this moment they have in hand many delicate negotiations to which they alone possess the key. So far as advice is concerned, the flower of the Opposition has, as we have said, been available. But it is a different matter to insert into a secret Council like the Cabinet, in which the personal relations of its members to each other are of deep consequence to its efficiency, gentlemen who do not share its secrets, do not accept its home policy, have been divided from their new associates by years of bitter controversy, and were prepared, it would seem, to criticize with freedom its conduct of the war. Politicians are not bits of machinery; they are human like the rest of us, and if members of Cabinets fly asunder after long association, they are also united by strong common ties of service, or affection, or principle. If these are lightly severed, we do not augur well from the sudden and compulsory formation of new ones. Some of the Secretaries of State are, we suppose, to be changed, if the new Ministry is to be formed on the "Times" basis of an equality of power between the two governing parties. Are the Under-Secretaries to remain? If they are not, the dissolution of the party system will be the more complete. If they are, Conservative chiefs will be served by Liberal helpers, and a certain want of continuity and sympathy must run through the conduct of all the offices thus constituted. We will not say that such an association is impossible. But we cannot pretend that it makes for efficiency.

These then are the chief material difficulties of the hour. The spirit of a party, no more than that of a man, can be said to exist apart from its body. And this corporeal life disappears with the suspension of Whips and a Central Office answering to the call of the Prime Minister, and assuring him of Parliamentary and public support. All these appliances of politics, and the resources that sustain them, must now be withdrawn in a hurry, and something improvised to take their place. But it is the regulating spirit of political life which has also undergone transformation. If we are told that

the same force of unity and direction can reside in a body of men, sitting in daily and intimate council, who are united, or substantially united, on such questions as free military and naval service, Free Trade, and Irish Government, and in a committee whose leading members are in profound disagreement upon them, we cannot assent. Two of these questions are indeed thrust into the background of all men's minds. But the third may emerge at any moment as an issue profoundly dividing the country, or even qualifying its view of the war.

Nor can we lightly regard the loss which, in the effort to secure a greater executive force, the country must sustain in the enfeeblement of its critical strength. Authoritative and considered criticism depends, in our party system, on the existence of an official Opposition, and that force has disappeared. A sponge has, of course, been passed over the earlier conduct of the war. But we think less of this act of oblivion than of the absence of the great regulating factor of our politics for the whole period of the struggle. By the manner of its constitution, this new Government proclaims itself as the only possible War Government. It has drawn, or will draw, on almost the full national reservoir of commanding ability and experience. The reserves are called up in the middle of the campaign. This is a total innovation in our affairs. Hitherto we have been ruled by a Government and an Opposition. One supplies policy, the other supplies criticism. If the criticism stands good or the nation approves it, an alternative Government supervenes. But the criticism of this Administration will come from detached and divided groups—from workmen's representatives alarmed at conscription, or from the various Caves and Trenches where disappointed ambitions or honest discontent are wont to dwell. Such criticism may be of deep concern to the country and to the right conduct of the war. But it is bound to break itself against the two Front Benches, now united not merely in the vigorous prosecution of the campaign—for that was secured last August—but in the defence of every act of military and naval policy for which they are jointly responsible. We should feel happier as to the moral strength of the new combination if we did not feel that it owed its origin, not to the best kind of public criticism, but to the worst, and that the men who pulled down the Liberal Government will have just as little consideration for its successor. Personal ambition may well find its account in such a situation. But not the needs of the country or the successful conduct of the war.

For these reasons the best wish we can form for the new Administration, when it sees the light, is that its career will develop the widest possible contrast with the manner of its birth. This is no hour for faction. We say, with all our heart—"The country above all and beyond all!" In comparison, nothing else matters—errors, disappointments, follies, embarrassments. If the change adds to the driving force of the Executive, removes an erring administration of any one of the great offices, arms the nation with new courage, draws to the army and navy fresh sources of capacity and strength, and supplies a more thorough

organization of the supporting industries, it may cover and excuse the confusions of its origin. But there is one broad way to such an issue. That is to concentrate, in truth and reality, on the military and naval needs of the hour, and to consider them in relation to the genius of the nation and the character of its institutions. The strain on the loyalty of the Liberal party is very great, and it should not be increased by placing Protectionist Ministers at the Exchequer and the Board of Trade, and severing the intimate personal association between the head of the Government and the Lord Chancellor. But one peril in the path of the Coalition transcends these considerations of propriety and prudence. We have to conquer Germany. But if we emerge from this war with a conscript army, Germany will have conquered us, and thousands of gallant boys and men will have died for another England than the one they knew.

H. W. M.

#### THE REAL DANGER OF THE RIOTS.

WE believe that the great majority of our countrymen agree with the admirable letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and see in the rioting of the last fortnight a very real disgrace to our good name and a very grave menace to our power in this great struggle. When the war broke out last August, the nation displayed a spirit of calm and resolution that became its best traditions and the moment and the scale of the task before it. At no time in our history could a Briton be more justly proud of his British blood. Serenity and self-control are qualities on which we plume ourselves, talking in contrast of the fickle passions and the fatal levity of other races. But like most people when judging themselves, we are apt to take more credit than our history warrants. There was not much self-control in the men who listened to Burke at the outbreak of the war with France, when the law courts of Scotland, with the public approval of the Government of the day, exhibited a contempt for justice quite worthy of the more famous tribunal on the other side of the Channel. Fifteen years ago, in the course of a war which nothing could have made glorious, our violent mob rhapsodies gave us, in the eyes of Europe, the character of a nation that exalted in a wanton and indecent manner over its conquest of the weak. When this war broke out, the nation revealed a temperament as different as possible: an iron gravity, a sense of vast and unfathomable issues, a spirit in which boasting was as conspicuously absent as panic, the bearing of a people obeying the summons to a terrible duty.

Now the preservation of this spirit ought to be regarded as an obligation of patriotism upon every man and every woman. It was needed when we were entering on the first act of this great tragedy, when each nation was showing its character not only by the behavior of its soldiers and sailors, but also by the behavior of its citizens at home. It is needed not less to-day when the tragedy deepens. The sinking of the "Lusitania" has brought home with a special force the ruthless barbarity that the enemy wreaks on the defenceless. But what we have suffered in this

respect is nothing in comparison with the sufferings of Belgium and France. Virtually, the whole of Belgium is on the rack. A fifth part of the soil of France is still in the hands of an enemy who treats women and children after a manner unknown to Europe for three centuries. In this, the greatest conflict of history, men and women are suffering every form of torture for the sake of the principles and the ideals of our civilization. Our soldiers are fighting with a heroism that shows that freedom can still match itself against tyranny. The French Army has recalled the traditions of the armies that saved France and democracy in 1792. The French nation, with far greater excuse for unreason and violence than ours, is bearing itself with a solemn determination that is full of dignity and power. What kind of spectacle then have we presented in this island, with our newspapers full of stories of great numbers of men and women hunting down obscure little bakers and butchers, whose only crime is the spelling of their names, many of them refugees from this very Power that has the murder of the "Lusitania" on its conscience!

The spectacle of cowardly and unreasoning violence is detestable in itself. But it is also of such ominous significance that we wonder that the magistrates and the authorities have treated it so lightly. We are now in the tenth month of this huge undertaking. How many months, how many years lie before us, nobody can tell. What must be plain to everyone is that the nation will need all its resources of self-control and endurance, and that it is largely on the power of those moral resources that success will depend. When the duty of self-control is taught in the form of lectures to the working men on their personal habits, the newspaper proprietors that are so ready to enlist an army of the streets in the service of shop-wrecking and foreigner-baiting are as insistent on this duty as anybody else. Disorder happens to suit their ends at the moment, and therefore they preach disorder. But the magistrates and the authorities, and all who can take a view of the position of the nation, must surely see that if at this stage of the war irresponsible people are to be encouraged to take the law into their own hands, and to commit violence at their discretion, the power of the nation for organizing and using its resources will be gravely prejudiced. You cannot preach mob-law one day and discipline the next; you cannot say that a German hunt is innocent, and a hunt of millers, coal merchants, farmers, landlords, and other rich people guilty. And what will happen, if food reaches famine prices, will be that the very people who welcome and encourage these riots will want to weaken the army in order that the police force may be made strong enough to defend their castles and villas.

#### SHALL WE COPY GERMANY?

WHAT are we to do if the Germans break all the rules of "civilized" war and descend to even lower depths of inhumanity and "frightfulness"? Are we to leave them free to reap the full gains of illegality and cruelty, while we adhere scrupulously to the rules, though such high-mindedness cost us many precious lives and endanger the very existence of our liberties? Many earnest men



and women are searching their heads and hearts for some satisfactory answer to these perplexing questions. No simple formula seems available. Meanwhile, the statesman, the soldier, and the man-in-the-street, each in his own way, is improvising practical solutions appropriate to what seems to him the expediency and justice of each case. "Reprisal" is a gentler and fairer-sounding word than "revenge," with less of "wild justice" in it. If the Germans treat British prisoners badly, it is a formally equitable thing for us to reduce the standard of comfort for German prisoners. The murderous use of submarines is followed by a harsher treatment of submarine captives. To the "natural man" this is obvious justice, for though the individuals who suffer are not those who have done the wrong, when nations are at strife justice is of necessity collective rather than individual in its application. In the confusion of the war-mind, this does not even appear inconsistent with the simultaneous demand that particular punishment shall in the end be meted out to the German officers who commanded the barbarities.

Now, the whole policy of reprisals, apart from the question of their nature, is of dubious validity, not merely from the moral standpoint but from that of expediency. For it is apt to confuse the motive of retribution with that of repression. Reprisals are in part adopted in order to teach the enemy a lesson, and to stop his recourse to further steps of inhumanity and lawlessness. Unfortunately, this calculation assumes that the enemy will recognize that he was the first to sin, and that the "reprisal" is nothing but a fitting return. But the enemy seldom, if ever, sees a "reprisal" in this light. To him it appears an initial outrage, wholly unwarranted, and calling for a "reprisal" on his part. So it comes about that the competition in "reprisals" brings more embitterment and a growing disposition to break rules. No doubt if a particular "reprisal" can be so adjusted as to enforce upon the enemy the lesson that his initial action "does not pay," it is defensible in policy. It is also defensible in ethics upon one condition, which we feel to be the guiding principle in the "conduct" of the war, namely, that our action does not lead us to a conscious or a real degradation of our sense of honor and humanity. With grave insistence did the Archbishop of Canterbury press this paramount consideration in his letter to the Prime Minister, taking his illustration from the barbarous conduct of the Germans in the use of asphyxiating gases, and praying that we be not brought to use "the same infamous weapon." "Most earnestly," he added, "do I trust that we shall never be induced or driven to a course which would lower us towards the level of those whom we denounce."

Now here it seems that we have a test issue. How far ought we to be at liberty to break the laws or conventions of war because the Germans first have broken them? Are we obliged to fight with one hand tied behind us while Germany, in defiance of the ring rule, uses both? Now there will be those who will contend that a German breach of law does not absolve us, and that a man had better be beaten in fair fighting than win by recourse to foul. But others, and a great majority, will insist upon discriminating as to fair and foul. Certain conventions of war do not rest upon

principles of obvious and recognized humanity; others do. If two combatants agree to bar certain blows, and one breaks his compact, it is wholly unreasonable to regard the other as honorably bound. This may hold in war, where the breach of a law does not involve a direct recourse to conduct realized as bad, cruel, or otherwise degrading. Perhaps the largest case in point during this war has been our straining of the uses of contraband and of blockade to counter the German declaration of a "war area," and the barbarous use of submarines. The general sense of all classes in our nation has sustained this policy, permitting a certain measure of opportunist selection in the adherence to international law or usage.

Any breach of an established law or convention must evidently be held to involve some injury. So slow and difficult has been the progress of international law through the ages, that any arbitrary disregard of the accepted code, under whatever stress of circumstances, is deeply regrettable. But, as in individual so in national conduct, cases arise when the impartial spectator would pronounce a breach of law to be justifiable, either for self-preservation or for the protection of another from a worse wrong than is involved in the breach of law. But in neither individual nor in national conduct is it true that "necessity knows no law." There are actions which an honorable and humane man would not consent to do, even to preserve the life of one dear to him. Does not the same principle hold of a nation? There are some by no means dishonorable men who would deny this point of reasoning, arguing that a man has a right, or even a duty, to do for his country acts which he would not do to save his life or that of any other person. This is in effect the German doctrine of "State necessity." It would, we hold, be a really flagitious thing for those responsible for the conduct of this war to adopt or even to countenance it. For it might come to mean in practice that, before this terrible affair is ended, we had handed over our soul to Germany in order to preserve our bodies and the material fabric of our country. In his reply to the Archbishop, Mr. Asquith commended the "temper of righteous and consuming indignation" animating our people. But should we be able to preserve intact that sense of righteousness if we allowed ourselves to be drawn into the depths of barbarity to which Germany has descended? We have not yet done so. But military necessity is a terrible pressure if it is allowed free play. Lord Kitchener's announcement that we are prepared to meet the asphyxiating gases of the Germans by "similar methods," if it is to be literally interpreted, may mark the first step in a slippery descent. The fiendish cruelty of this German weapon has been denounced and execrated by a million voices in this country. If the similarity of our methods carries with it the infliction of such agony as has been described by Dr. Haldane and other responsible authorities it is a concession to German methods which as a self-respecting nation we cannot afford and ought not to be forced to take. The torture of prisoners, the poisoning of wells, and other untold infamies lie along the path of this descent, differing widely in degree of cruelty and in professed military ability, but belonging to the same evil company.

No doubt it is possible for the logician to put terrible alternatives before us. What would we consent to do if General French told us that the last chance of the preservation of our armies and our native country was at stake? But it is not really needful for us to torture our minds with such extremities. For such cases of absolute necessity do not occur. There is every reason to hold that German frightfulness in Belgium and elsewhere, so far from possessing military utility, has injured the aggregate resources, material as well as moral, upon which Germany has to rely. Not a single atrocity but has helped to stiffen the spirit of resistance in her enemies, to weaken her own reliance upon the alleged justice of her cause, and to rouse against her the horror and antagonism of neutral nations. These wider considerations, ignored by the crude psychology of German militarists, are of critical importance in determining the final issue of the war. We make bold to say that the destruction of the "Lusitania" will have lost Germany far more than the extermination of an entire army, in its reaction upon those moral forces which in the long run determine success or failure.

We shall, then, do well to check the short-range expediencies of military experts by deeper political reflections. To descend, under the pressure of some passing peril, to methods of savagery, is nothing else than to jeopardize the entire spiritual fabric of civilization and all that it signifies in humanity and efficiency of character. It means the liberation of all those ape and tiger lusts which it has taken aeons to bring under normal and moderate control. War conducted under the humanest rules is a fearful strain upon sane and reasonable personality. Once relax those rules in the fundamentals of humanity, and the moral pillars of society are shaken to their foundation.

#### "IF ITALY COMES IN—."

THE political meaning of the Italian crisis is so far clear that the Triple Alliance, morally dead since last August, is now formally buried. We rejoice at this event, which obliterates the great modern political error of Italy and restores her to the companionship of France and England, her natural complements in the greater associations of European democracy. The probability that this political breach must be followed sooner or later by the entry of the Italian armies into the ranks of the Entente is now great enough to make an examination of her military situation useful. Most of us have been content so far with the reflection that Italy has a million bayonets at her disposal, and perhaps when the odds and chances have been weighed, that plain fact will tell us as much as we are likely to discover by energetic guessing. What the precise military value of these reinforcements may be we shall learn by experience. Italian courage needs no testing, but in this war we ask, first of all, what may be the value of the machine on which the useful employment of courage depends? Is it, to begin with, equal to the task of handling great masses of men, under modern conditions? The later military history of Italy has not been fortunate, and the preparations which have been made to reverse the

tradition have been recent and brief. In August last, the army was unprepared. It was in process of re-arming its artillery, and its stores of warlike material were inadequate. The reservists, moreover, had been trained under an economical system of half-time. Nine months might have sufficed to make the deficiencies good if Italy had not been obliged to compete in the world's market for armaments with richer and better-organized Powers. Her delays have been to her advantage, and her artillery is now said to rival the French in excellence. But they have also allowed time to a better-equipped, though a sorely bested, enemy to complete his own defences on her frontiers.

If Italy should be allowed the luxury of the initiative, we can hardly anticipate any dashing or rapid successes. Her first experience in this generation of a duel with a civilized Power would be in that case a prolonged initiation into the conduct of trench warfare. To invade the Alpine country of the Trentino would be a task as difficult as that which the Russians undertook in the Carpathians, and though this region forms a salient, surrounded on both flanks by Italian territory, neither its natural configuration nor the Italian railway system suggest the feasibility of "pinching" it, by flank attacks of large bodies of men upon its base. Towards Trieste the country presents few natural obstacles to an Italian advance, but Austria has always fortified herself against her doubtful ally, and we shall soon discover whether her defences have of late been neglected. Here, however, the Italian fleet would under the old conditions have seconded the advance of the land army, held up Trieste by the threat of bombardment, and protected the coast roads. We shall learn how far the submarine is an obstacle to that kind of co-operation. Italy's own naval superiority in the Adriatic can be indefinitely increased by Anglo-French aid, but once more the question arises how far the modern development of torpedo-craft and minefields has nullified an amphibious offensive. The labyrinth of islands which flings its parallel defences in front of the Dalmatian coast would make a landing in force difficult. The most fruitful use that could be made of Italian co-operation would clearly be one which would enable the gallant but sorely pressed Serbs to take the offensive. The first step would be presumably the reduction of Cattaro. It resisted a rather weak Anglo-French naval attack, but it ought to yield to a renewed naval assault combined with an Italian land attack from Montenegrin territory. If once a footing were won here it would be possible for the Serbs, with some Italian aid, to undertake a joint advance upon all the Serb lands of Austria.

The other alternative is that Italy will not be allowed to take the offensive. One may argue from what one knows of German strategy and the Prussian temperament, that the first thought of Berlin will be to deal at any cost a punitive blow at her former ally, so that Providence may be relieved for a time from the task of punishing England. If the Tyrol and the Trentino are a difficult outwork for the Italians to assail, they provide a road through which a German army can be hurled down



the Adige and its railway upon the Lombard plain. Verona would feel the first weight of the blow, and the most priceless monuments of the Renaissance, from Venice to Milan, will be dependent on the ability of the Italian armies, superior only in numbers, to keep the New Vandals at bay.

The larger consequences of an Italian intervention are not, however, dependent in any great degree on dramatic Italian victories. Even a passive Austrian defence against an Italian attack would involve such a weakening of the enemy as to transform the position at least on the Eastern front. A vindictive German rush at Lombardy would probably mean much more than this—a weakening on the Western front as well. The more Germany involves herself in furious offensives, now against Russia and again against Italy, the more will she deplete the reserves of men and the stores of munitions which she will require for her final obstinate defensive, when her home-lands are at last in danger. The full value of the Italian reinforcement will be known only when we can measure its reaction in the East of Europe. It ought to mean, at the least, invaluable assistance by land and, if necessary, by sea, for the attack on the Dardanelles. If it means this, it may well mean more, for the certainty of an Allied success there may well avail to upset the balance of Bulgarian neutrality. A Bulgarian assault on the other side of the Bulair and Chataldja lines would transform the whole military problem. If Roumania should also come in, the end would be in sight.

### A London Diary.

No Government, I suppose, has ever been more coldly received than the half-formed Coalition; but there are many degrees of the political temperature, and many varying winds blowing on its frail and half-exposed body. It starts with no enthusiasm, much ill-will, and a baddish press. Success at the front may save it, but I am inclined to give it a short life. Most politicians, I think, disapprove, from the view that while it breaks up the party system, it is a kind of gambler's throw in government, with no strong alternative, so long at least as the war goes on. In other words, if the Coalition breaks down, the country will have to construct something fresh out of its shattered bones and nerves instead of having an obvious successor in view. For it is not merely the Government which has fallen under Mr. Asquith's *coup d'état*, but the Opposition. A few, indeed, take the view that such a change is good in itself, in so far as it makes our politics more flexible, and opens long-closed avenues to talent, while it will give their full chance to the fresher minds within the new Cabinet. Mr. Lloyd George is the Minister who chiefly benefits by this mood.

BUT I doubt whether anyone approves the method by which the change came about. That is calculated to weaken the new Government from the start, to depress men of ability and high success in their administration, who have been treated with scant ceremony, and turn them into sceptical associates of a Cabinet in which

mutual trust and sympathy are assets of such tremendous import. All this has not slaked party passion, but stoked it up. To this one must add the jars and jealousies that the new entrances and exits will carry with them. The Opposition demand for six cabinet offices and the Lord Chancellorship, the delectable prospect of Mr. F. E. Smith as a colleague, have strained some tempers to the breaking point. The Prime Minister would do well to deal gently with them.

BUT with Liberals the all-dominating anxiety is on a worthier matter. It concerns conscription. I cannot count more than four members of the new Cabinet (if Mr. Churchill is to be one of them) who are ardent for it, and I note some strong opponents, including Mr. Henderson. But Mr. Facing-both-ways will be strongly represented, and he is not the kind of gentleman who stands fast when an issue emerges just transcending the average party problem. If, therefore, the new Cabinet yields to this pressure, which will at once be applied, the national unity is at an end, and the Liberal Party not merely suspended but broken for ever, while I imagine the Labor member or members will retire. For that reason, some are hopeful that this distracting element will be suppressed. Unfortunately, the new Cabinet inherits the weak nerves of the old. The sensational press has drawn blood; it will want more. It has already opened the conscriptionist campaign. It is very ignorant, very unrestrained, and in thoroughly unscrupulous hands. It now knows it can impress statesmen as well as street mobs.

It looks as if the adhesion of one or two Labor leaders were secured, but what of Ireland? Mr. Redmond is not likely to join a Liberal-Unionist Administration of which Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Balfour are members. If these gentlemen renewed, in the name of the new Administration, the Home Rule pledge passed by the old, his adhesion to that or any British Imperial Government is secured. It ought to be given, for Ireland's service in the prosecution of this war has been incalculable.

In journalism the honors of the crisis must be divided between the "Pall Mall Gazette" and the "Daily Chronicle." The former obtained from some source a singularly full and accurate disclosure of the situation, while the latter treated it next morning in its leading columns with a firmness and ability, as well as a knowledge of the facts, of which I recall very few examples in modern daily journalism. Singularly enough, the "Times," the real Marplot, failed when its crooked handiwork revealed itself in the disorganization of the Government and the creation of as difficult a situation as the country has had to meet since August 4th. Only one breath of relief went up, and that was when the Prime Minister was able to announce that Sir Edward Grey had joined. "Grey at least is a stand-by" was the feeling.

EVERYBODY is remarking that we had a Coalition Government to carry on the great war with France, but few people remember how serious were its failures.

Readers of Mr. Fortescue's "History of the British Army" will remember the scathing picture of the sacrifice of the armies in the field to the gross incompetence (he uses stronger terms himself) of the politicians at home. There was the fundamental difference between Windham and Pitt on policy and between Windham and Dundas on military administration. The coalition known as "the Ministry of all the Talents" fared no better. It included, besides the followers of Fox and of Granville, the ex-Tory Prime Minister, Sidmouth, of whom Canning remarked that he was like the measles, for every Government had him once. By the way, those who are fond of talking of the factious opposition of Whigs ought to study the behavior of the Opposition, which included Percival and Canning, to that War Government; the Government fell over a very modest attempt to remove some of the outrageous disabilities of the Catholics. Canning, himself in favor of Catholic emancipation, did not scruple to incite Protestant feeling, by writing the following stanza about the Government:—

"Though they sleep with the devil, yet theirs is the hope,  
On the downfall of Britain to rise with the Pope."

I THINK Sir Arthur Evans's eloquent statement of the case against the agreement with Italy on Dalmatia needs to be read with some qualification. It cannot, for example, be suggested that the result of the negotiations has not been communicated to Serbia, or that she has been left in ignorance of their terms. The boundaries fixed are not such a very great extension, in the Italian interest, of those on which the leaders of the Jugo-Slavs were willing to agree. Nor is it in any way true that a "barrier" has been raised between Serbs and Croats. On the contrary, the line of communication of both peoples with the coast has been carefully preserved, and I think it will also be found that ample railway communication has been secured. Serbia, doubtless, will not get all she ought to get. But she will get a good deal, even in Dalmatia. And is it not clear that if the Allies are beaten she will get less than nothing at all?

It is good news that the British Fair has been a brilliant success. The results, I am told, have been astonishing. Foreign buyers trooped in from all quarters, including Japan, the Bon Marché in Paris sending sixteen of its travellers. The orders were for very large quantities, especially in new industries, so large that British trade has received a great and probably lasting impetus, and some fresh undertakings are started on a promising career for months, and even for years. Another Fair will now be organized for 1916.

A WAYFARER.

## THE NEW EUROPE.

### I.—TWO IDEALS OF NATIONALITY.

THIS war, and the diplomatic struggles which preceded it, have pressed the question of nationality upon the attention of all Europe. Some nations have been almost obsessed by it, others have hardly been conscious of its presence in their thoughts; but each, whether consciously or unconsciously, has been formulating its own version of

the idea, and there is no more striking proof of national individuality than the extreme divergence between the lines they have followed.

In his book on "Imperial Germany" the ex-Chancellor von Bülow treats the Polish territories of Prussia as a compensation to Germany, however meagre, for those appanages of the Medieval Empire which are irretrievably lost to her; and anyone who turns the pages of the "Alldeutscher Atlas," published by the nationalistic "Alldeutscher Verband," will see this vanished frontier encircling the low countries, Eastern France, and Northern Italy, in its ruthless course, far in advance of the line which marks the actual domain of the German language.

Clearly the argument appeals to the German mind, and yet no English publicist would have thought of it. Not even the most "Jingo" Atlas of the British Empire would mark out the territories held by Henry II. or Henry V. in France; the most uncompromising Unionist would not discover in their loss a warrant for the mildest measures of denationalization in Ireland. In fact, we do not think of nationality statistically—in terms of square miles or human units, any of which can be balanced, and if necessary bartered against any other. For us, nationality is the spiritual experience and self-expression of a human society. Our nation's existence—its internal cohesion, and its external independence of other groups—is something that we take for granted. We learn the history of its making at school, but the events have no more than an academic interest. It all happened so long ago. Even Great Britain is more than two centuries old. Five centuries have passed since the last Welsh principality was absorbed in England or the last Norse Lord of the Isles forfeited his sovereignty to the Scottish Crown. More than a millennium lies between us and the Heptarchy. Those long-transcended phases have no practical bearing on our actual national life, and we look upon the population that leads this life and the territory in which it leads it, as essentially stable or indeed eternal factors in our nationhood. The increase of either by external accretions, or their diminishment by mechanical amputation, are not possibilities which occur to our minds, for both ideas are equally incompatible with our subjective point of view. A national democracy is a living organism, and it can no more multiply or decrease the parts of which it is composed than a man can add a cubit to his stature or survive decapitation.

Even in the sphere of political organization, this is self-evident truth; if we think of those less concrete manifestations of social life in which the sense of nationality finds still greater sustenance—such spheres as Literature, Art, and Religion—any other standpoint becomes an absurdity. If an Alsatian prefers to read and write French poetry rather than German, there is no "compensation" to be got out of compelling a Polish child to speak German in his elementary school. Yet the exponents of German nationality apparently commit themselves to this absurdity, and this is the more strange inasmuch as their national life is so intensely active on the higher spiritual plane. Few nations have produced such a golden chain of poets, philosophers, and musicians



as Germany has maintained during the last two centuries, and few nations have known how to draw such deep inspiration as Germany from their great men. If Germany were merely wicked, if she deliberately set herself to stamp out in other nations the divine spark which she recognizes and worships in herself, we should feel her psychology more intelligible. But she has absolutely omitted from her reckoning the immanence of this spiritual force in groups alien to herself—in Alsations and Poles and Belgians—and has compromised her fortunes by her miscalculation. Such blindness calls for diagnosis.

The present war is clearly reacting in a different way upon the Germans and upon ourselves. Neutral visitors returned from Berlin impress on us the exaltation of our enemies' national enthusiasm; but if we discount the moral they preach, their narratives rather suggest a feverish self-consciousness. The Germans do not, like ourselves, take their national existence for granted; for though in the sphere of art and intellect their nationality is possibly more strongly grown than ours, in the political sphere it is a thing of yesterday. No more than a generation separates them from their "Heptarchy." The wars which ended "Kleinstaaterei" were fought by the fathers of the men who are fighting now. Their political nationhood is still a new and precarious structure. It may be dissolved again into its elements or it may be preserved; on the other hand, it may be immensely enlarged by fresh acquisitions. They conceive of it, not as an inward principle of life, but as a resultant in the play of external forces.

This attitude will explain itself if we glance at the process by which German unity was attained. The decisive factor was not the will of the nation, but the mutual relations of dynasties. So long as the dynasties respected each other's vested interests, unity was deferred; as soon as the Prussian dynasty found the strength and courage to settle scores with its competitors, unity was accomplished. The Germans of Prussia and Bavaria might have remained politically sundered for an indefinite period, had not Bismarck exerted the Prussian machine in their favor; because neither the machinery nor its manipulator were completely equal to the task, the Germans of Austria have had to mope in outer darkness to this day. No wonder the Germans do not take the national entity for granted, that they regard their national territory and national population not as fixed but as something fluid and pliable as clay in the hands of the potter.

There is nothing peculiar in the means by which Germany was welded together. All the national democracies of Europe have emerged originally from the same phase. In those half-forgotten stages of our history our ancestors, too, were passive material in the hands of Norman, Angevin, and Tudor kings, and much Bismarckian work went to our creation. Germany has merely been born politically out of due time, and has, therefore, had to summon a long-layed ghost to be her midwife. The "Prussian" standpoint we are combatting is only disastrous because it is an anachronism. Five centuries ago it was the supreme constructive political force in Europe.

In that epoch (which has already faded from the memory of most modern nations) Europeans did not possess the security, not to speak of the capacity, for governing themselves. Their primary need was to be governed, and that government was the best which imposed itself upon them most energetically and guided them with the firmest hand. The politics of this vanished Europe did not consist in the internal evolution of individual groups, but in the struggle for existence between dynasties, which strove with each other for territories and populations as the common man strove for cattle and fields. Land and people were, in fact, the property of the king; they passed like property from the weaker to the stronger, and that was actually the condition most favorable for their development. Little inconvenience is involved in the transfer from one master to another, if you cannot in any case be master of yourself, and in general the subject stands to gain by changing his king. The ordeal of battle is a fair test of a despotism's efficiency, and the victorious dynast proves upon the head of the vanquished his own title to survive. The most successfully consolidated medieval realms became, indeed, the chrysales from which sprang the most forward modern democracies. William the Conqueror erected the essential framework within which English Parliamentary Government grew up; Louis XI. constructed the arena for the French Revolution.

Thus the old dispensation enabled the nations to "find themselves," and thereby transformed so profoundly the political life of Europe that it rendered itself for ever obsolete. The dynastic code was wholly inapplicable to the new national organism, and with the necessary revolt of children against their parents the growing democracies spurned it under foot and dismissed it from their mind. The new dispensation meant, above all, a radical change of emphasis. The dynast's ambitions appealed less and less to the democracy, as it discovered for itself more and more objects which never came within the dynast's view. The elder nations of Europe have kept their faces inflexibly fixed towards the future; Germany has committed the sin of Lot's wife, and has been mastered by the hypnotism of the past.

Political unity was so ardently desired by her and withheld from her so long that the process of unification, when it came, made an ineffaceable impression on her. Instead of discarding the Prussian machinery as soon as it had fulfilled its appointed function, she deified it; she worshipped the scythe instead of garnering the ears. That is why Prussianism is the only dynastic system in Europe which has not dug its own grave, why the Hohenzollerns have not terminated their career by giving political being to Germany, but have gained in this creature of their hands a fanatical convert to their own traditional point of view.

To us the state has come to stand for Co-operation"; to the German it still stands for "Power." "Liberty! Self-government?" the Pangerman impatiently exclaims: "Not in these obsolete catchwords, but in the concrete principle of nationality does our inspiration lie"; and he does not realize that he is propounding a contradiction in terms. Nationality is just that inward will to co-operate which he abjures; but, like

the medieval despot, he regards human society as so much passive material to be bound or loosed, herded together or torn asunder, by arbitrary, irresistible decree, and the claims inscribed on his banner are those for which conquerors have always gone forth to war. Nationality is legal title; therefore Belgium and Burgundy must be German because the Medieval Empire called them its own. Nationality is geographical cohesion; therefore Belgium, Posen, and Schleswig must be German, because they are necessary complements to the frontiers of the Fatherland. Nationality is language; therefore Fleming and Alsatian must be German, because they speak a Teutonic tongue. For such principles the French, Polish, Danish, and Belgian nations must be maimed or even dismembered, and the supreme political achievement of Europe, the right of freely constituted human groups to work out their own salvation, must be trampled brutally under foot. This ideal of nationality is a menace to our civilization.

ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

## Life and Letters.

### THE OASIS OF PEACE.

WE had crossed the wide plains and long ridges of France and passed along the open "gap of Belfort," where, among the round and fir-covered hills of the Vosges upon our left, the boom and thud of distant guns could be heard. And so we came to the frontier of a neutral land, and after nearly ten months of war in various countries felt for the first time what peace was like.

The Jura in spring seems the natural home of peace. An old poet once said that the mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills righteousness. Till little more than a century ago, this was something of a paradox; for gloom and terror dwelt among the mountains, and the brigands and robber chiefs of the hills followed no code of righteousness. Perhaps the poet was trying to imagine a peace so universal as to extend even among mountains and hills; or perhaps, in some valley of Hebron, he had conceived a picture of what the entrance to the Jura looks like now. For Alpine pastures are already deep in grass and innumerable flowers. From every side there comes the sound of running water, often hidden in grass, but sometimes pouring with grey, glacial torrent under the bridges by which the white roads cross. On the sides of the valleys, the larch and beech stand in their most vivid green; the walnuts along the road are still brown with uncurling leaves. The mountain houses shine white in the sun; the orchards around them are white with blossom; the cow-bells tinkle again, and the smell of mountains is over all.

In the midst of the war, one enters such a scene of peace with a sense of exhilaration. It is like a return to youth from a Parliamentary atmosphere, and many suppressed hopes and memories and delights begin to sprout again. And yet even there, in the midst of youth and peace, some ominous sign suddenly may appear, chilling as the ghost of age. The land is at peace, but a restless and apprehensive spirit pervades it. It was the evening of Ascension Day when we entered, and to celebrate that triumph of spirit over dull routine, the villages were holding little festivals. But nearly all the

men at the feasts were dressed in dark blue, and wore ugly grey hats, surmounted by little round balls of various colors. For the army was mobilized, and these were the merry Swiss peasants prepared for war.

War might come from any side. The country lies like an oasis of peace, with a howling wilderness all round it. If Italy on the south is not yet part of the wilderness, at any moment she may become so. And for the time the chief cause for fear lies on the Italian side. Far away in the extreme south-east corner of the Grisons, is there not a little passage by which Italian armies might get behind the Austrian fortifications along the frontier? The passage is short and not very difficult. Only an Alpine pass to cross and a bit of valley to descend, and then you emerge into Austrian Tyrol, with all the worst Austrian forts behind you. But the pass and the bit of valley are Swiss, and shall a nation allow its territory to be violated because it is small? Belgium has answered. So to her extreme limits, surrounded by war and ominous threatenings of war, Switzerland stands waiting in apprehension.

Here in the north other dangers are obvious. From the coast between Dunkirk and Ostend the lines of conflict wind in unbroken length down to the very point where Switzerland begins. The conflict continues with deadly loss and upon almost unmoving lines because there is no way round—no open flank at which one side or other could strike. From the sea to the Jura no flank is exposed. But how if one side or other struck through the open salient of Bâle? There the beautiful city stands, just at the angle where the Rhine sweeps northward with powerful current, unfordable, difficult to bridge. On the right, or further, bank, the strip of territory for some three miles along the river and two miles deep is Bâle in name. But in the very centre of that strip stands the great German station to which several main lines could bring a German army; from wooded hills (the beginning of the Black Forest) only two or three miles beyond, the German forts command the bridges over the river, and in two days could batter the city into ruins like Ypres.

On that side no defence of the place could be attempted, and it is from that side the danger would most likely come. For one thing, there is always the off-chance of acquiescence, and even of treachery. The nationality is Swiss, but the race mainly German. The language is German, abbreviated, simplified, and spoken through the nose. Nearly everyone can speak good, heavy German as well. For generations, intermarriage with neighboring Germans has been at work, and the result of intermarriage is sometimes kindly. Business is almost as powerful as marriage, and nearly all the business is with Germany. Under German influence, a young generation is growing up, inclined to make rather light of nationality compared with a comfortable competency. What are the myths of Tell and Stauffacher to them when German civilization offers big public buildings, well-furnished homes, excellent concert halls, and cafés crammed with marble-topped tables? Certainly, there is the French part of the country to be considered. All the cantons are pledged to fight the first invader who violates any corner of the land. If Bâle or any other city or canton yielded without resistance, there might be civil war. The whole country might be split between German and French, as most of Western Europe itself is. But even so, the Germanizing party could count on Bâle, Zurich, and Constance for wealth, men, and supplies. On the French side there would be little but Geneva to set in the balance.

So, if one of the two great conflicting nations seeks



to get a new grip by forcing a flank through Bâle, it will probably be Germany. France, indeed, is almost precluded from such an attempt by the very origin and terms of our active alliance, whereas the German Staff, having gained an immense military advantage by striking at the French left flank through Belgium, might, with even less scruple, attempt the right flank through Bâle. Such were my obvious reflections as I crossed one of the great bridges over the Rhine last week in a tram bound for the German frontier. From many high buildings, and at various points along the river banks, large Swiss flags were flying, not so much in national pride as to warn airmen against breaches of neutrality. For airmen are always tempted to go the way the crow flies, and from certain points in France, a crow making for the Zeppelin station at Friedrichshafen on the further side of Lake Constance would unwittingly violate the neutrality of the air, not distinguishing any important difference between the Swiss flutter of colored rag and the German. But the airman who ought to know better and yet followed the crow, would expose himself to a tremendous fire from every Swiss who has a firearm to discharge. I think no airman has yet been hit or nearly hit, but the Swiss thoroughly enjoy shooting for its own sake.

Leaving the Rhine, we passed east through the town or suburb across the river (where that vast, new German station now stands deserted) and so emerged into the brilliant meadows and hillsides of spring again. Through the large Swiss village of Riehen we passed, and were proceeding quietly along a country road whose signposts pointed to the next village of Lörrach, when suddenly the tram stopped as dead as in a strike, and we all had to get out. I saw that someone had constructed a flimsy barrier of iron garden-railings and pine-branches right across the road, blocking the tram-lines completely. That seemed a silly sort of thing to do. It was the frontier.

Less than fifty yards further up the road, I saw another silly sort of thing—another barricade of railings and branches. It was rather more strongly built. In fact, the makers of it had cut down a largish tree, dragged it across the road, and left it there, just where it would be most in the way! On the left hand of the road, between the barricades, stood a white villa in a garden, and the owners of that desirable residence must have had a trying time in whichever direction they took their walks. At each barricade they would have to show passports, and papers, and photographs, and, I suppose, thumbprints, to prove they were themselves and not somebody else. All these performances, at all events, the wretched villagers of Lörrach had to go through when they left the tram and plodded on for the mile or two to their homes, to which the tram used to carry them without extra charge. And every woman who comes in from Lörrach to sell an egg in Bâle has to do the same, only hoping that the egg will remain "new-laid" through all the fuss and waste of time needed to show she is Frau Gutmann, whom every human soul on the road has known these ten years past.

Leaning on the iron railings of the Swiss barricade, I looked up the road across that narrow zone of half-and-half safety. There stood our enemies, sure enough—so close that if they had sung "*Der Mai ist gekommen*," or "*In einem tiefen Grunde*," I could have joined in the song without lagging much behind. Some fifteen or twenty men in old-fashioned Prussian-blue uniforms they were—"Landsturm" men dressed in the old German uniforms, much as though our National Reservists wore scarlet in guarding our tunnels, just to save the khaki. But with them were two officers in

grey—the terrible grey of the modern German army. With straight knees and square shoulders, the officers strolled about in their usual fashion, while the men leant against the barricade like myself, talking and smoking. Four of them changed guard, their "manual exercise" swift and simultaneous as a little row of piston-rods. I watched the enemy for some time, and they watched me in return, displaying no sign of friendliness or regard. The Swiss peasant soldiers around me were amused at my interest, and from the windows of the "douane" some of them leant out, laughing heartily at the situation. But I didn't laugh. It was all far too ludicrously horrible.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

#### THE PROGRESSIVE ATOM.

THE Lucretian atom has had a long and brilliant existence, and he would be flattered if he knew that so distinguished a modern as Sir Francis Younghusband\* had given him a glorious resurrection. He reappears, indeed, under a somewhat spiritualized aspect, subject, like the rest of us, to the law of change. He is no longer as "hard" or solid as his great poetic creator fashioned him. And he has been deposed from his place as the "final unit of matter." In his stead has arisen the core of energy, of "immateriality," of which in the last resort (or is it the last?) he is composed. And that again resolves itself into a combat of attraction and repulsion, a war of opposing electricities. The atom is not final; but he contains something that is, a "self-active" principle, vigorous enough to build up the universe and what it contains. All depends on "inter-action and relationship." The idea of matter acted on by exterior force disappears. It is a question only of the "attributes" of the ultimate particles. These "attributes" are in the main reduced to one of intense mobility, be it the mobility that tends to cohere or the mobility that tends to fly away. But this dual mobility is in itself of the highest importance. For as it becomes more complicated, it grows more stable. The "mutual influence" between the units develops, and higher attributes accrue to the various groupings. This "mobility" indeed is seen to be not merely mechanical, but to be a "process," and that a process towards the better. We may, however, again guard ourselves from thinking that this betterment is the result of an outside power making for righteousness. It is merely the working out of the natural properties of the atoms, or of their two governing activities. It is the Public Opinion of their society.

It is at this point that Sir Francis Younghusband makes his rather precipitate jump towards the explanation of life on non-theistic principles. Public Opinion is to him the social force which corresponds in human society to the "mutual influence" of the electrical forces which compose the atom. But Public Opinion is not God. It is formed by individual men acting together in this or that group. This becomes clear when we think of men and women as nations. The concept "England" or "France" is not a real person. We depict "France" as a woman and "England" as a man, in order to express their finest or most enduring qualities, and yet we know that no such individuality exists. It is merely the collective influence and personality of Frenchmen and Englishmen. If all Frenchmen and Englishmen died, there would be no longer any France or England. And in the same way, though we call the universe one, or declare it to be the

\* In his new book, "Mutual Influence" (Williams & Norgate).

work of a Perfect Being, it has no reality outside its particles and their wondrous activities. Does it improve? Yes; for it is subject to a "natural urge or drive" which constrains it to progress. Men and women contribute to this "drive," either by effort or by sacrifice. They may be encouraged to do so by the cheering belief that though the world is neither so good nor so bad as to suggest that it was either made by God or unmade by the Devil, yet it contains within itself a regenerative principle, just as a spring purifies itself by bubbling. On a long view, there is enough evidence of a World-Process to satisfy all the moral impulses, to lead man to prayer, as the uplifting of the spirit to the "inner goodness of things," or even to the worship of that Immanent Power whose law is justice, and which even flows out, in its finer workings, into Mercy and Love. Thus, sustained by the best of our fellow-men and women, we need fear neither of our historic enemies, loneliness and death.

The reader will recognize that if there is here a little of Bergson there is more still of the author of "*De Rerum Naturâ*," and that we need hardly have travelled so far in order to meet so very old an acquaintance. Lucretius's inspired guess at the natural order will always remain the basis of all attempts to explain the existence of a higher order by a lower. It is obvious that this process attains a certain success. The old divisions disappear; the organic slides into the inorganic; the idea of life as a stream flowing from some simple rivulet of mechanical energy is strengthened by each fresh examination of its apparent source. But what is really explained? The glories of Love and Faith are the last expression of electrical force. Is anything gained by establishing such a relationship, which in fact is not established, for it is not possible for any man to describe the nature of electrons in terms which suggest to us an affinity with the higher nature of man? For it is precisely within the sphere in which human society presents no association with the mere whirl of physical forces in their primitive forms that the real problems of life appear. Sir Francis Younghusband thinks that the "urge" of things is towards the good. That is a conclusion that may or may not issue from a study of the life of man. But it will certainly not emerge from the contemplation of electrons. If it be the "attribute" of the electron to fly away from the centre to the circumference of things, why should it be credited with the power of fulfilling any higher function? When we say that God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself, we use words which are at least apprehended by the imagination. When we say that the Spirit of Goodness was in the relationship of positive with negative electricity, we merely talk a sounding kind of nonsense.

Nor are we quite sure that a statement of progress in terms of natural evolution will carry us very far on the high road along which Sir Francis Younghusband would conduct us. There may be an approach to stability in this or that grouping of mechanical forces that we call a world or a system of worlds. But there may be absolute destruction in another such centre, and that may happen to be ours. At this moment we seem to be passing into just that stage of demonism which Sir Francis excludes from his survey of society. To such a crisis even the crude theology which holds that God made the world and the Devil marred it seems a likelier key than his dance of the progressive atoms. Nor is the ethical prospect much brighter. Man is henceforward to look to himself alone. But surveying his past as a mere triumph of complexity in mechanical force, he may arrive at just that kind of conclusion about right and wrong to which

the Prussian General has brought us. The physicist stands amazed at Nature, and it is a natural tendency with him to endeavor to reduce her variety to some single "self-acting" principle. But how are good and evil related to "mobility"? We shall not readily renew our idea of God as something apart from the universe, and guiding it as a steersman handles the tiller of a ship. Neither, we believe, shall we conceive that universe as a piece of self-driven machinery, the central force of which just enables it to go—somewhere.

#### HOME ABOVE ALL.

A YEAR ago, we had a whole continent to choose from as holiday-ground; this year we have but two islands, with sundry small sub-islands, the home of the British race. It is not altogether strange if this year's remnant has been in the past the latter choice of those who had the wealth and leisure to seek their holidays further afield. The further-afield and the difficult-to-obtain have always their glamor that puts the near-at-hand and the everyday at a false discount. Perhaps some of us have saved up Britain for a rainy day. The rainy day has come. There are some parts of the European playground where it would now be almost impious for a foreigner to make holiday, other parts are barred by mutual hatred, and others again by the uncertainty of how soon they may join one category or the other. The necessity of seeking our ozone on British mountains and British shores coincides with an unusual duty to open there more than ever the purse whose contents have formerly sprinkled the Continent to too great an extent. It will not be odd if we discover at our doors greater beauties and richer memories than some of those we sought in other years at the extreme tether of some European trunk line.

The most hardened tourist would begin by admitting that our islands have one feature unique in excellence throughout the world. We have our special "line," just as New Zealand has even in her ruined terraces, Australia in her Blue Mountains, Italy in her Water City, and Norway in her fiords. The compact and complete beauty of the Cumberland Lakes can nowhere be equalled except in Killarney. Killarney is so very compact that it is the legitimate subject of a two-day trip from London, but though the seven dales of Lakeland are all commanded from one knot in the mountains, it would take as many weeks to make more than a nodding acquaintance with their character. There is one other, in particular, not owing allegiance to Scawfell Pike, that the writer has not seen. And now comes Mr. A. G. Bradley, by no means without company, to declare that Patterdale is the most lovely of them all:—

"I do not think," he says—"not forgetting its recognized rival, the prospect from Derwentwater, looking up to Borrowdale—that there is anything in Lakeland quite equal to the head of Ullswater as viewed, let us say, from off Glencoin: the fringing foliage, the far-climbing bracken steep, the rock-breasted summit of Place Fell filling the sky upon the one side, and upon the other those gracious intervals of wood and meadowland behind which upsprings the great Helvellyn group. The consummation of the picture, however, is the mass of piled-up mountains beyond the head of the lake which fills its background—that fine procession of broken peaks and summits which sweeps round from Fairfield to the High Street, over whose lowest gap you can mark the white trail of the road that climbs the famous Kirkstone Pass."

The view is known to hundreds who have not seen Wasdale, Ennerdale, or Duddon, each of which has a surprise equal to that of Patterdale for him who knows only Langdale. With economic sadness, we have heard



Germans say how these mountains ought to be covered with forest. Perhaps we shall see the work done there in the hard times that will follow the war. But it is just because their splendid limbs are undraped that Mr. Bradley vaunts them far above such far-sought holiday-grounds as Banff. He speaks of the monotony of miles of sombre evergreen, exactly tallying with any photograph of Banff that the traveller may bring home with him:—

"But conceive a photograph of Patterdale giving an American, let us say, any idea of what it is really like. The ever-shifting lights upon the mountains, the radiance of the many-tinted mantle that covers them, exposing just so much of cliff and crag as to give these value and ensure the dignity of the picture. . . . But, after all, it is only in Britain and our moist island climate that bare mountains can be so perfect in their semi-nudity, or again can loom so grandly for their modest altitude that survey measurements become things of nought."

Mr. Bradley's new book is called "Clear Waters" (Constable), and its avowed subject is trout-fishing. He is happy in believing that trout-fishing is a far better sport than salmon-fishing, for that belief takes him into the more sacred nooks of Nature's domain, raises him higher above sea-level, and gives him generally a better eye for good holiday country. He tells Devonians not of their complacency to run away with the notion that their streams are as beautiful as those of Wales, "because they are not by a long way, though they, in their turn, incomparably excel in beauty those of any other English rivers south of Derbyshire."

We throw out these few quotations, wondering how many readers familiar with the Engadine and the Rhine can sustain or combat such comparisons between British scenery. If we know the Wye from Chepstow to Symond's Yat, or even again at Builth and Rhayader, what have we to say of its nest twenty miles further up in Plinlimmon and of its fellow nurselings, the Severn and the Rheidol? And what of the Lugg, the Arrow, the Teme, the Monnow, Honddu, Corve, Onny, Rea, and other streams of South Wales, not to mention the rather better known ones of Snowdon, that we are bidden to compare with the Dart, the Tamar, and the Teign? Leaving Wales, Ireland, Scotland, and Man to look after themselves, we would ask the candidate for Honors in English Scenery to say what and where are the following: The Bridestones, Cauldron Snout, Kinder Scout, Malham Cove, Swalecliff, Silbury, Camelot, Stinchcombe, Wenlock, Crummock. We should soon, without leaving the list of places of great beauty and interest, "plough" many who could discuss Switzerland or Italy for a long time without coming to grief.

It is the very charm of England that it is so unknown. Anyone may go out on foot in any direction, and never go far without discovering for himself some beauty so unhackneyed that we can almost say it was hitherto unexplored. The parts that have been singled out for advertisement are not only not the supreme examples they profess to be, but are often considerably below others known to initiates, and discoverable at any moment by the fortunate. "How like Devonshire!" is the frequent mead of highest praise bestowed on a particular type of landscape. It is sometimes evoked by a scene more Devonian than anything in Devon, though far removed from that county.

We think we are walking on a plain, then arriving suddenly at an escarpment look down on a far lower landscape that makes us seem to have taken a sudden bound to the skies. We accept a guide-book's valuation of the Downs as a mere swelling of a few hundred feet, and find them full of the romance of pelting winds,

impenetrable mists, and an astonishing mountain appetite. We wander awfully through such an agony of creation as Llyn Idwl, and turning a corner among tortured rocks are faced with the mature pasture valley of Nant Ffrancon. We rise from the orchards of Herefordshire to the stormy heights of Malvern, taking in a step as much missing country as lies between Holland and the summit of the Weiss Horn.

We need specify our holiday destination no more than to say we are going into England. We shall be entertained and lured to stay in all sorts of places that we scarcely heard of before. One western road suddenly runs the vigilant traveller to the gates of Avebury, the capital of the oldest civilization that England has known, still as fresh in its atmosphere as when it was founded, a few thousand years before Stonehenge. You have just to turn off the motor-road for a mile, but it is quite doubtful when you will regain it, if your soul for the ancient ways is as it should be. Cycling over the apparently limitless plain of Wiltshire, clear to the horizon on every side, the wheel stoops and takes us downhill for about a mile into an utterly unsuspected wooded crater. At the bottom lies the village of Castle Combe, a home of peace beside a full-grown trout river, a find as wonderful as though we had rubbed a lamp and got into Aladdin's garden. Keep straight on and mount the opposite slope, and the plain will be yours again. Castle Combe will have disappeared so completely that you think you must have dreamt it. But surely you will want to follow that enchanted river, to see what other wonders it leads to. Castle Combe lies right in the way, and catches its dozens. There are lots of equally wonderful places a little way to right or left, of which the sign-post scarcely deigns to speak, such as we should go into raptures over if we had found them in the Ardennes. Enforced holidays at home may make some of them known to us this year.

## Music.

### THE FESTIVAL OF BRITISH MUSIC.

THE aspect of the Queen's Hall at the first two of the three concerts of British music last week was a sad commentary on the efforts that have been made of late to turn the war feeling to the profit of our native composers. It was clear enough that whether the British public wants German music or not just now, it does not want British music, at all events in large doses. It is possible that the meagre attendance on the first two evenings was due in part to the memory of the "Lusitania" horror being still fresh, for the attendance on the Saturday was larger; but no excuses of this kind can alter the main fact that out of London's millions not more than a thousand or so took the slightest interest in a British Festival. Our young composers have for months been rending the troubled air with laments over the British neglect of British music. Where were all these ardent and interested patriots last week? There must be enough of them in London alone to fill Queen's Hall; and their presence would have been a practical proof that they believed in their own theories of musical patriotism. The truth is that there was hardly a British composer there beyond the dozen or so who were having works of their own performed. It was just what those who already knew the situation expected; when a British composer speaks of the necessity of promoting British music he means, in nine cases out of ten, *his* music. It may be human nature, but it is hardly what we understand by patriotism. And of course among the general public much harm has been done to a worthy cause by the methods of some of its promoters during the last



eight months. The movement is largely in the wrong hands; you cannot run an artistic revival in the manner of a grocer trying to push a new brand of soap—especially when the soap is obviously not the best to be had in the international market.

More than one disillusionized cynic, as he left the hall after one or other of the concerts, was heard to declare that all this Festival had done for British music was to kill it. Without taking quite so pessimistic a view of the big effort so gallantly made by Mr. Beecham and Mr. Mlynarski, it must be confessed that the final impression each day was one of growing weariness. No more convincing demonstration could have been had of the truth I have already insisted on in these columns, that the public will not listen tolerantly—cannot listen tolerantly—to large quantities of the secondary sort of music merely because it is produced by our own countrymen. To get all this music in bulk was to realize how secondary most of it was. Every one of the minor works would have been listened to with greater tolerance at an ordinary concert, because there the bigger classical works would have put us in the mood to suffer patiently, or even cordially, the obvious defects of the smaller works. But when these smaller works followed each other night after night with hardly a break, the reiteration of the same faults in almost every one of them created a cumulative boredom. There were, in truth, only two works in the whole three programmes—Delius's "Sea Drift" and Elgar's Violin Concerto—that had about them the big international air. All the rest was either merely national (or even parochial) or, if with a real touch of distinction about them, like the first and third of Dr. Ethel Smyth's "Three Moods of the Sea," too slight to change the general atmosphere of the concert. The programmes were perhaps not framed with ideal wisdom. We should all have liked to have heard something of Walford Davies's; Bantock was not seen at his best in the cinematographic "Fifine at the Fair"; Dr. Smyth was not fairly represented by four small songs; and there are a number of young people whose music deserves a few minutes' hearing. But unless the whole three concerts had been given up entirely to our three or four best composers, probably no scheme could have been devised that would have spared the listeners the weariness that unmistakably weighed on them at the Festival.

What then was wrong with the music? Primarily that so little of it had the really great note; and it is impossible for a modern audience, habituated as it is to a concert diet the staple articles of which are the world's masterpieces of two centuries, not to become restive under a constant succession of minor works. For there is no escape at a concert, except by going out. With a book of minor poems we can skip, sample, reject; in a gallery we can turn away from a picture that does not interest us to one that does; but in the concert room, if we begin by listening to a work, we have, as a rule, to go through with it to the bitter end, and fifteen minutes of alternately raised hopes and disappointments will take as much nervous energy out of the attentive listener as a day in the trenches. The Festival made it evident enough that somehow or other the best brains of the race do not take to music; the minor men all reached a very respectable level, but none of them, on the basis of such work, could be called a peak. In the second place, virtually all the works showed the same defect of prolixity; even the third movement of Elgar's Concerto is too long for the material it contains. There was hardly one of the smaller orchestral works in which the composer could not have said all he had to say in, at most, two-thirds of the time he actually took. This tendency to elephantiasis is the result of the environment in which most of these young or middle-aged men grew up. The concert room in those days was dominated by colossal German works; the Conservatoires taught a potted form that they had manufactured out of these German works—a form which, with its invariable three stages of statement, development, and recapitulation, was a perpetual temptation to redundancy. Form, of course, in the true, organic sense of the word, these unfortunate people never learned, for the simple reason that it cannot

be taught; what the text-books teach, when they imagine they are teaching form, is simply mechanical regularity of pattern. The first principle of good form is surely that when a thing is said, it is said, and it is as useless to keep on saying it after that as it is to go on firing blank cartridges at an invisible enemy. Yet not one of these composers realized that frequently he was going on talking when he had nothing whatever to say. How interested we all were at first, for example, in Mr. Bax's fantasy "In the Faery Hills," and how uninterested we could not help becoming as it went on; and how we regretted that such evident gifts of imagination should come to so little because of the inability to see the whole picture, at a glance, as a simple unity, and to realize this unity in detail without needless repetition or irrelevance! Each of these orchestral works came unmistakably from the same environment and was tarred with the same brush. I may be mistaken, but I think I see already a reaction, in the work of our very youngest men, against this formal redundancy; they come to their point more quickly and leave it in better time. No doubt the reticence, the absence of sentimental strain, the half-ironic self-possession of Debussy, Ravel, and Scriabine is beginning to develop in our composers not only a finer sense of surface texture than the German, but a purer feeling for the decencies of musical form—for there is something almost morally gross in this eternal elephantiasis of body.

For the rest it was comforting to see—and this perhaps was the one comfort of the Festival—that we are in no danger of anything like an English "school" springing up. The majority of our composers may be minor, but at least each of them is minor in his own way; I doubt, indeed, whether three days of contemporary German music would reveal so many varieties of imagination as this festival did. Sometimes the individuality was merely amusing, as in the case of Mr. Grainger's unconsciously comic choral setting of a Faroë Island folk song. A friend of mine who listened to the work without any knowledge of the subject took it to be a rollicking piece of Moore and Burgess humor, the only defects in the arrangement being that the choir did not have their faces blacked and sit with their hands on their knees. What was his amazement, on reading his programme afterwards, to find that the poem was all about the hacking of a lover in two, and the murderer riding off with the dead man's head and hand dangling from his saddle! Still, Mr. Grainger gives us too much mirth for us to wish him to discontinue his folk-music experiments. At the opposite pole to Mr. Grainger is Mr. Cyril Scott, who, if there was anything in the theory that modern English music must have its roots in English folk song, would be out of the running from the commencement. Mr. Scott, however, is a musician of more than average gifts, and really a better composer than you would think from some of his music. The main trouble with him is that he has been at such pains to isolate himself from the robust music of the world that his own imagination has become anæmic. There were some undeniably good points about his new pianoforte concerto, and it is possible that with greater familiarity with it we might discover more. Inevitably, at these first performances, the critic is more sensitive to the faults of a work than to its virtues, especially when the virtues are purely personal to the composer, while the faults are those the critic has groaned under in hundreds of other works. But the defects of the concerto are numerous enough and serious enough to damn it. Like so many other young men, Mr. Scott mistakes mere singularity—of which any of us is capable—for originality, which is the rarest thing in music. A very great deal of the concerto is mere self-conscious pose; these are not moods that Mr. Scott has really felt, but moods he has felt he ought to have felt if he is to live up to the ideal of being not as other men are. Technically the work is grievously wrong. Mr. Scott, like many of his fellows, is obsessed by harmony; and he abuses harmony as the old Italian opera composers often abused melody, which was to them what harmony is to the modern world, an opportunity for the creation of endless decorative effect without any vital

idea at the root of it. The trouble with harmonic music of the type of Mr. Scott's concerto is not that it is hard to write, but too easy; it is as easy to string chords together as words, if you are not particular as to whether you are talking coherently. Let Mr. Scott not imagine that I and others take this line because his harmonic thinking is beyond us; the simple, discouraging fact is that it is behind us. He is not an advanced musical thinker but a primitive, handling rather fumblingly a medium of which the possibilities fascinate him without his being able quite to realize them. At least it is so in the first two movements of this concerto. In other orchestral works of Mr. Scott's that I have heard he has seemed to me a much more original thinker. But that was because he was less self-conscious.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

## Letters from Abroad.

RUIT HORA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is difficult to write about the situation in Italy now that the fatal hour when she will make her decision is rapidly approaching. One cannot yet say for certain what that decision will be—intervention on the side of the Triple Entente or agreement with Austria and Germany on the basis of the cession of a part of the "unredeemed" provinces. There are only three persons who are fully *au courant* of the situation, viz., the King, the Prime Minister, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and they are silent as the tomb. But all the signs point to the first solution. Military preparations on an enormous scale are being conducted with the utmost push; in every town committees for "civil mobilization" are working hard to organize the country, so that if war does break out, business may continue to be conducted in as regular a manner as possible; German and Austrian subjects, on the urgent advice of their embassies, are leaving in large numbers, although not quite so large as, in view of the vast ramifications of the German espionage system, one would wish. Negotiations between Italy and the Central Empires still continue, and the latter are making desperate efforts to avoid a rupture, which could not fail to have for them consequences of extreme gravity. Germany is indeed the most active of the two in this connection, and she is strongly urging the Dual Monarchy to make ever wider concessions of Austrian territory; indeed, German diplomats profess to be very indignant with their Austro-Hungarian colleagues for their obstinacy in refusing to give up now this district and now that! While the German newspapers, for the first time unmuzzled as regards comments on Italy's attitude, are pouring abuse and threats on her devoted head, the acts of the Imperial Government are obviously inspired by a desire to avoid another war at all costs.

Nor are the Italian neutralists less active, although their numbers are rapidly diminishing, and many conversions *in articulo mortis* have taken place or are imminent. Signor Giolitti has reached Rome, and on his arrival, as well as on his departure from Turin, he was jeered and hissed by an angry crowd. His enemies accuse him of having come to intrigue against Signor Salandra, in the hope of upsetting the Government and returning to power with a neutralist programme. But one can hardly believe that even he would have the face to attempt to make party capital out of the present extremely critical moment, the more so as such an attempt has but scant prospects of success. The fact that the King did not attend the celebrations for the unveiling of the monument to Garibaldi's "Thousand," was variously interpreted, but the most likely explanation is that the Government wished to avoid any action which might precipitate a decision. Furthermore, the re-opening of Parliament has been prorogued from the 12th to the 20th of May, as the Cabinet wish to appear before the Chamber with

its decision already taken. The sinking of the "Lusitania" has produced a great impression in Italy, and has done much to increase the indignation against Germany, even in circles which hitherto had been of Germanophil, or at least not Francophil, tendencies.

There still remains the problem of this immediate ground of intervention. It seems, however, as though one had been supplied by Germany, or at least by her vassal Turkey. The defection of the native irregular levies during the engagement with the Arab rebels at Syrte, on April 29th, when some 2,000 of them went over to the enemy and caused the Italian and Eritrean troops a loss of 600 men killed and wounded, seems to have been organized by the Turks, acting under German instructions, and financed by German money; numerous Turkish officers in uniform were seen among the rebel ranks. Such an act constitutes a flagrant violation of the peace treaty at Lausanne, whereby the Turco-Italian War was brought to an end. In this connection an article by Count zu Reventlow is of peculiar significance. "The revolt in Tripolitania," writes the eminent German statesman, "occurred because the Mussulman command regarded Italy as an enemy of Germany and Austria, for having forsaken her two Allies who are fighting on the side of Turkey." The admission is very valuable, for it is tantamount to a confession that the "Mussulman command" takes its orders from Berlin and Vienna, via Stamboul. There is, indeed, a general feeling in the air that Italy's first act of intervention will be a denunciation of the Treaty of Lausanne, and a declaration of war against Turkey. This will consequently involve the country in war against Turkey's protectors. But events march so rapidly that such a decision, or another different one, may have been taken by the time this article reaches England; never has prophecy been more dangerous.—Yours, &c.,

A CORRESPONDENT IN ROME.

## Communications.

WHAT ABOUT THE FACTORY ACTS?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Some time after the outbreak of war, the Home Office was induced to relax the regulations governing factory life. For instance, the rules were relaxed (in certain urgent cases) so far as to permit women and girls to work on night-shift. It is impossible, however, to say how far the suspension of the Factory Acts has gone, or, indeed, exactly what powers have been given to the administrators of the law with regard to the altering of conditions and the lengthening of hours. But it is certain that all over the country advantage has been taken of the Home Office permission—advantage unwarranted alike by the relaxations and by the needs of the national crisis. Women and girls are being worked outrageously long hours; the authorities are being openly defied; Trade Unions are finding their actions hindered by the magistrates; convictions under the Factory Acts are hard, if not impossible, to obtain. Gradually, but surely, a great part of the Factory Legislation, the boast of social reformers, is being made of no account. Indeed, unless drastic action be taken by the Home Office and by the organized workers, backed by independent opinion, one of the legacies of the war will be a shattered and ineffective code governing the conditions of labor in this country.

The culmination of the attempt to abolish all rules and regulations is to be seen in the case of Messrs. Greenwood & Batey, Engineers, of Leeds. About a month ago, this firm was prosecuted by the Home Office for contravention of the Factory Acts. The case was tried before the Stipendiary Magistrate at Leeds, and the facts were not denied. None the less, the magistrate dismissed the summons on the plea of "national urgency," and added that "should a writ of mandamus be given, he would deal with the matter under the Probation Act." Last week the Home Office again prosecuted the firm—this time with the support of the War Office—and the Stipendiary, acting on his former promise, refused



to register a conviction against the firm. He merely dealt with the case under the Probation Act, and warned the defendants that they must "work according to schedule."

Such in brief are the main points in the history of this case. Now we come to the charges brought against Messrs. Greenwood & Batey, and the amazing statements of the defending Counsel, Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C. The Home Office took action because of the following gross cases of overworking two girls. The firm, taking advantage of the extension order granted to them in view of the fact that they were engaged on munition making, were allowed to work their employees from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m. on weekdays, and 6 a.m. to 2 p.m. on Saturdays. No further extension was asked for, and none was granted. Despite this, the girls went to work at 6 a.m. on a certain Friday, and one of them remained there until 7.30 the next morning—25½ hours—whilst the other girl was employed for no less than 30 hours at a stretch. One of these girls was a non-adult, of under eighteen years of age. Incidentally we might add that the girl who "got off" with 25½ hours' work was incapacitated from further exertion owing to an accident—which, in itself, is not surprising.

The defendants' Counsel declared that the Home Office prosecution was "a piece of fatuous folly, and only justified by supreme ignorance." Instead of attacking the firm, the authorities ought to have "struck a special medal for these girls." Mr. McKenna was to blame, and his action in summoning Messrs. Greenwood & Batey was unpatriotic. As for the claim that the War Office agreed with the course taken by the Home Office, the Counsel was inclined to doubt the reliability of the statement. The firm was turning out 2,000,000 cartridges a week, and now was not the time to talk about Factory Acts.

The Magistrate's decision has already been mentioned.

During the hearing of the case a very important pronouncement was made by the Home Office representative with regard to long hours and efficiency in production. He declared, on the authority of the Master-General of the Ordnance Department, that "long experience had confirmed in both these departments"—the Home Office and the War Office—"that the extension of hours of labour did not produce very satisfactory results or increase the supply of munitions of war." By making this statement through their counsel, the Government have at last admitted what has been urged both in *THE NATION* and elsewhere, that to increase production other measures than overtime were needed. They have added great strength to the claim put forward in various quarters for the recognition of the status of trade unions in their rôle as partners in industry. But, for the moment, that is not the main issue.

The speech of Mr. Marshall Hall—even if we recognize the fact that he is a barrister and speaks to a brief—and the attitude adopted by the firm show two things. In the first place they prove that there is a section of the community ready to sacrifice the social legislation of the past century in order to win a war of liberty. A cynic could be pardoned for pointing out the contradictions in this attitude; and he might well remark that once again, as in the Napoleonic wars, England "was winning a victory over militarism by women and child labor in the fields and factories, unrestricted and unashamed." And it is certain that a continuance of this policy of attacking the workers' safeguards can do no earthly good to the country in its war against Germany. Only by securing the loyalty of the working-class can this war be won, and to attempt to secure this loyalty by working girls 30 hours a day, or men 100 hours a week—quite regardless of fatigue—is suicidal. The workers will put their backs into their jobs more vigorously if they feel that the Government is with them. The very fact that the War Office and the Home Office have prosecuted Messrs. Greenwood & Batey will act as a spur—but their inability to secure a conviction will tend to dishearten. As for the speech of Mr. Marshall Hall, and its attack on Mr. McKenna, the less said about it the better. In the second place, this prosecution has shown how easy it is for employers to take advantage of the law and the workers. No talk about "patriotism" and "national needs" can cloud over the fact that an armament firm had been "given an inch and taken an ell." It should serve to show too how essential it is for the Home Office to watch the firms to whom exten-

sion orders have been granted, and how necessary it is for public opinion to be awakened on this question.

Finally, it is perhaps worth while to re-emphasize the considered judgment of the War Office that production is hampered by excessive overtime, and to point the obvious moral. The soldiers in France will receive an adequate supply of munitions of war, of shells and cartridges, not by the suspension of the Factory Acts, but by a reorganization of industry, even in the midst of war, which will recognize the truth that the worker is really a partner, and not a wage-earner.—Yours, &c.,

W. MELLOR.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE PERIL OF CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The thanks of all who are interested in the cause of democracy are due to you for the timely article on compulsory service in your last issue. Whatever the necessities of the crisis may turn out to be we cannot tell, but it behoves the Government, and the working classes especially, to beware lest they are led into the trap which is being nicely set for them by the Tory Press and Tory speakers. Conscription has always been part of the Tory faith, for in it they can see the only means of checking the rising tide of democracy in times of peace. What happens in France, for instance, in case the workers come out on strike? The Government proceeds to call up the reserves, who are the strikers themselves; they have to fall in, and the strike is over. But, they say: "Why not conscription for the period of the war?" Let them get in the thin end of the wedge, and we can say good-bye to democracy as we have known it for all time.—Yours, &c.,

DEMOCRAT.

Manchester, May 19th, 1915.

P.S.—I notice by to-day's papers the latest move to bring off the *coup* is by means of a Coalition Cabinet.

### "AN APOSTATE NATION."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I express the gratitude of one who looks to the *THE NATION* each week for helpful comment on events and sane guidance of opinion, for the concluding paragraph of your article under the above title, in which you urge that, despite the immediate advantage won by the use of methods contrary to the accepted code of civilized warfare, it is not to our best interest to resort to similar methods in return?

"An eye for an eye" is a law as old as civilized man, and expresses a universal human instinct. It is small wonder if, in our indignation at the use of poisonous gases by the enemy and at the horrible and lingering death that has thereby been brought on many of our brave men, voices have been raised, both in the trenches and at home, to demand retaliation in kind. If it can be shown that by not doing so we are suffering a grave military disadvantage, not only at the moment of the first surprise, but also, by hampering our subsequent action, prolonging the war, and so causing still greater expenditure of life that might have been saved by the adoption of similar means, then few, even among idealists, would deny our right to adopt them in return. But is this the case? If, when they are expected, these unlawful means of attack can be countered by proper precautions, whether on our side or on the other, is there any overwhelming advantage to be looked for in their use? And if not, should we not be sacrificing far more than we gained in giving up the immense moral advantage that lies with the side that is conscious of fighting honorably, and that is known by the rest of the world to do so? Should we not, on the contrary, seem to be giving tacit permission to our armies to follow the other methods of warfare also employed by the enemy, to the horror of the civilized world? Let the same scientific knowledge and the same ingenuity that they employ for this purpose be employed to nullify their schemes and make them contemptible, and we shall



then, as you well say, have achieved a double victory over them, and done a lasting service to the cause of humanity.

And does not this also apply to the adoption of conscription? If the Government, after the completest trial of the voluntary system, tell us that this cannot give us all the men and munitions that a modern war requires, who can doubt that the nation will be ready to sacrifice, for the sake of all that we are fighting for, even so deeply valued a part of our freedom? But instead of turning to compulsory service as the easiest means of meeting our present needs, we should rather regard it as a last resort, and do everything in our power to make it unnecessary. For if a nation that has always refused to organize itself primarily for war can go through a war, even upon the modern scale, without resort to conscription, and can, by means of a voluntarily-manned fleet and armies raised to meet the crisis, prove itself superior to a nation organized entirely for war, this also will be a double victory—a victory in the sphere of ideas even greater than that in the sphere of arms, the effect of which on the new Europe that will rise from the war can hardly be over-estimated.

We may be driven to fight the enemy with his own weapons, on his own plea of "necessity." But it will be the most deadly blow that he has struck at us and at the future of civilization if his apostasy forces us also to abandon our own convictions and adopt his methods.—Yours, &c.,

J. H. BADLEY.

Bedales School, May 17th, 1915.

#### NEUTRAL IMMUNITIES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I do not think even Mr. Allen would suppose that it would be right for him to seize any horse and gallop away with it, in order to secure his burglars, or to snatch my purse in order that he might take a railway ticket to enable him to follow them. The most absolute respect for neutral rights is dictated by the clear logic of necessity. If one nation can interfere with the rights of another for its own purposes, however just, a door would be opened for interferences of which unscrupulous statesmen would take full advantage. International organization is at this elementary stage too weak to stand the strain. It is at the stage when the one thing needful is to secure respect for the independence and sovereignty of separate states. This is more important for the moment than to provide for the wise and reasonable exercise of these powers. I invite Mr. Allen to consider the following analogy:—If A steals X's apples to throw at B's windows, is X bound to allow B to do the same?—Yours, &c.,

TH. BATY.

#### "THE GREAT CHANCE."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you allow me to say through your journal, in which it appeared, that it is impossible to give any dramatic privileges for a scenario of a play that might some day be written? Negotiations are pending, both here and in America; but only for the future.

The present is, in my opinion, no time to talk of peace. When the Germans are defeated, then it can be discussed. Till then there is only one argument for it, only one way of achieving it, viz., more and more shells and workers at them, more and more men to fight; no shirkers, no slackers; so that we may bring to bay the wild beast let loose in Europe.

Surely all men (and women) who have read the report of the Commission on the German Atrocities and the account of the sinking of the "Lusitania" will agree with me that to think of peace till the great task of the Allies is accomplished is not only futile, but treason and infamy.—Yours, &c.,

THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT CHANCE."

May 15th, 1915.

#### DESTROYERS AND SUBMARINES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The supremacy of the Germans in this arm of attack is already notorious, but all they have done so far

in the way of destruction—even including the "Lusitania"—is as nothing to what they will be able to do if we allow their weekly creation of ever more speedy and efficient submarines to go on unchecked.

Every naval man knows that the only vessels capable of taking these vessels unawares are the destroyers. But to patrol effectually our immense coast, say for a circular belt of fifty miles, we should require a proportion of ten to one of the submarines, and they should be capable of racing at one-and-a-half times the surface speed. Our present destroyers are far too large and take too long to build. Let us lay down every week four or five mosquito-like destroyers, small and lightly armed, but with powerful rams and with immense speed. This is the only counter-attack possible, and it is urgent. Even America cannot help us.—Yours, &c.,

SENEX.

May 15th, 1915.

#### THE PROPHET OF THE AEROPLANE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your fascinating review (May 8th) of Claude Grahame-White and Harry Harper's "Aircraft in the Great War" moves me to address you on a subject I have long had at heart. Forty years ago and more it was my privilege to listen in Dundee to certain extra-mural lectures given by the late Professor Pettigrew, of St. Andrews University. The lectures were not ostensibly on the subject of aviation; but I am safe in saying that none of them ended without a distinct reference to that subject. In fact, the Professor was at the time considered aviation mad. We positively laughed. But now the laugh is all on the other side, so to say. I do not need to say that the authorities recognize the debt aviation owes to Professor Pettigrew. Perhaps the simplest way anyone can see for himself something of what this popularly-forgotten pioneer effected for aviation is to turn to the chapter on Aeronautics in "Animal Locomotion," by Professor Pettigrew, in the International Scientific Series of Henry S. King & Co. (1873 and 1911). On a certain page there the reader will find what is evidently a reference to the very first employment of the now familiar term "aeroplane." On the same page is a woodcut of an "aeroplane" (as we now call it), the design being that of two current inventors named, which was shown at the London Technical Exhibition in 1868. Curiously enough, to an untechnical man, the woodcut looks just as if it represented an aeroplane of to-day. Now, sir, am I not right in thinking we, who have witnessed so phenomenally valuable a development from Professor Pettigrew's most ardent and unique work in the 'seventies, owe his memory a public and specific recognition? I leave the suggestion here, hoping for your kind support.—Yours, &c.,

DAVID RUSSELL KYD, B.D.

Kincardine, Aviemore.

#### PRICES AT CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Ernest Newman, writing in a recent number of *THE NATION*, says: That "we have so few concerts because people are not sufficiently educated in music to wish to go to concerts." I quite agree when he implies that the way to improve that want is to "hear good music, and that often." But there is a reason other than lack of appreciation which deters many people from attending concerts. High class music in England is too expensive for folks with small incomes. A far greater number would go if prices for fairly comfortable places were more moderate. A restful seat for a three-hours' concert is a necessity, but when one has to pay four shillings for a small four-legged cane or wooden chair, it needs must be that one's soul is possessed by music to be able to forget the chair. If, for example, half-a-crown could secure a seat in any part of a concert hall, inclusive of cloak-room and programme, such as may be had at the Ton Halle in Zürich, where all are equally restful and commodious, I think many more of the British public would attend concerts.—Yours, &c.,

LOVER OF MUSIC.

**Poetry.****SECOND SIGHT.**

OVER valley, over hill,  
 Sun and shadow, wind and dew:  
 Ah, how lovers' looks can still  
 Meet across the morning view!

Gazing eastward, there I find  
 One whose westward looks finds me;  
 Different prospects of one mind  
 Make the east and west agree.

Hills and hollows, ups and downs,  
 Silver meads where water glides,  
 Woodlands, highways, homesteads, towns,  
 Meet as one from parted sides.

That my far is now your near,  
 Tells me why the distance charms;  
 Grass that whispers at my ear  
 Folds me to my lover's arms.

That my near lies far from you,  
 Shifts the barriers of sense;  
 Love, as sunbeam to the dew,  
 Lightly lifts and bears me hence.

Hand from hand so far apart,  
 Severed by such lovely things,—  
 All the more I feel my heart  
 Mount upon the morning's wings.

Mount and fly, till, like a mote,  
 Off it dances in the sun.  
 To your breast, ah! let it float,  
 Lover's dust when day is done!

So within that heart as well,  
 Inborn, without sound or word,  
 Like the murmur of the shell  
 This shall make its meaning heard:

"Take what comes from me to thee,  
 O sweet lover, O fair breast!  
 This, that once was part of me,  
 Being thine attains its rest.

"Rest, but not the rest of sloth!  
 Rather, now, with fuller power  
 Destined forth, equipped of both,  
 Luckier voyager from that hour.

"Thus with service day by day,  
 That which once was only mine,  
 Finds through thee the better way,—  
 Meets its mate and grows divine.

"Being thine! Ah, make it so!  
 Surely then it shall not fail—  
 Faring forth shall come to know  
 Wider seas and broader sail.

"Till in lands which mutual eyes  
 Saw not, save in lovers' dreams,  
 This shall loose its merchandise,  
 Harbored round by native streams."

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

# LORD KITCHENER

## CALLS FOR

# 300,000 MEN.

WAR OFFICE,  
 WHITEHALL,  
 S.W.

I have said that I would  
 let the country know  
 when more men were  
 wanted for the War.  
 The time has come, and  
 I now call for 300,000  
 recruits to form new  
 armies.

Those who are engaged  
 on the production of  
 War material of any  
 kind should not leave  
 their work. It is to men  
 who are not performing  
 this duty that I appeal.

KITCHENER.

## NEW CONDITIONS of ENLISTMENT

Age Limit now 40.

Age—19 to 40.

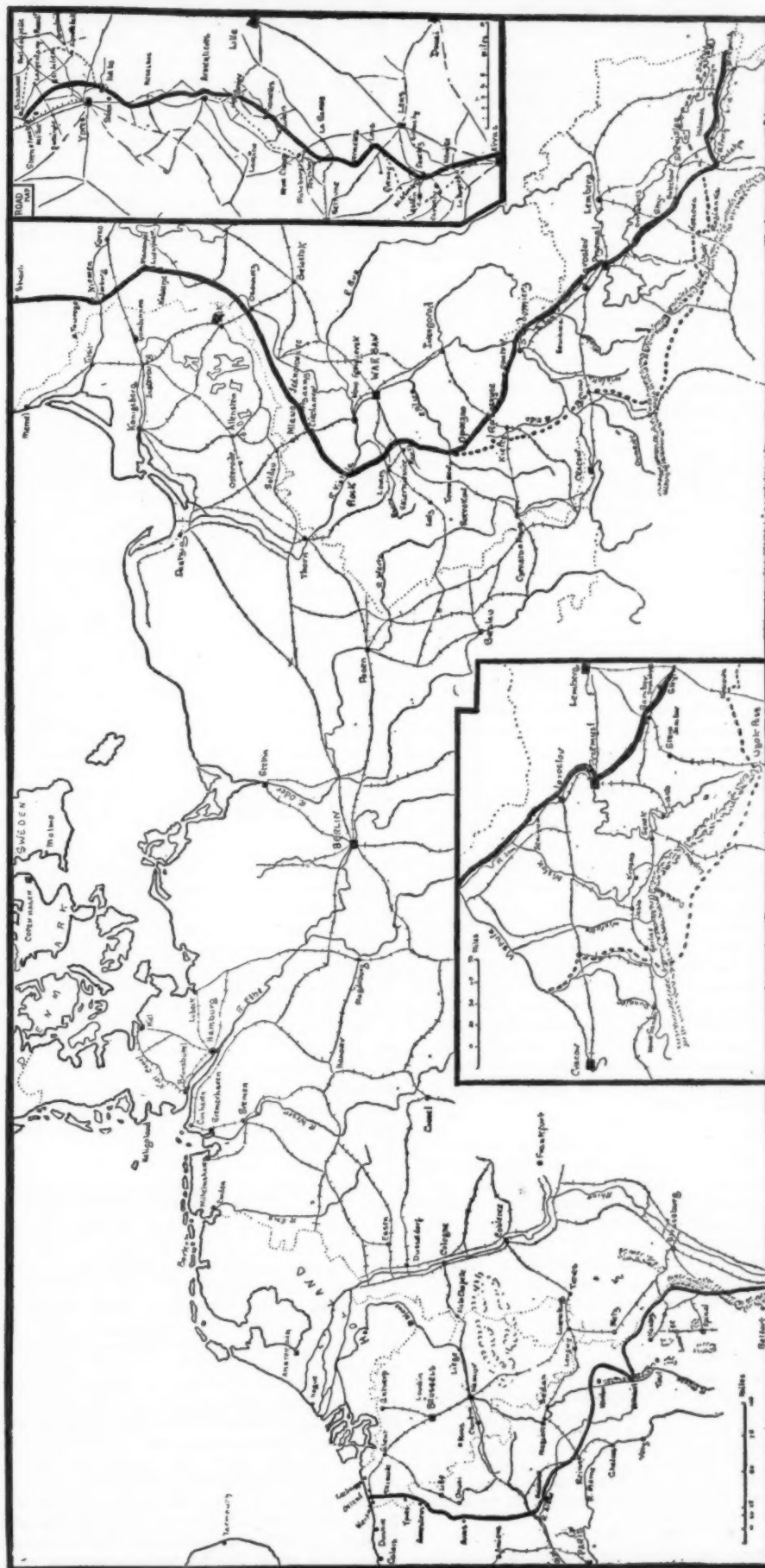
Height—Minimum, 5 feet, 2 inches.

Chest—Minimum, 33½ inches.

Enlistment for General Service for  
 the Duration of the War.

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**God Save the King**



Map showing the battle front in the Western and Eastern Theatres of the war. The dotted line in the map of the Western Theatre marks the front before the beginning of the new Austro-German offensive: the firmer line, the approximate battle front as far as it can be followed according to news received up to Thursday morning. The same convention as to dotted and firm lines is followed in the enlarged sectional maps



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Life of Barnave." By E. D. Bradby. (Oxford University Press. 2 vols. 18s. net.)  
 "Pan-Americanism." By Roland G. Fisher. (Constable. 8s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Diary of an English Resident in France during Twenty-two Weeks of War Time." By Rowland Strong. (Nash. 6s. net.)  
 "Memories of Queen Amélie of Portugal." By Lucien Corpechot. (Nash. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Soul of Germany." By T. F. A. Smith. (Hutchinson. 6s. net.)  
 "The War Speeches of William Pitt, the Younger." Selected by R. Coupland. (Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Life of Cervantes." By Robinson Smith. (Routledge. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "Three Summers." By Victor L. Whitechurch. (John Long. 6s.)

"ENCHANTED CIGARETTES" is the name which Balzac gave in "La Cousine Bette" to works of art that have been planned or meditated but have never come into existence. A reader has written suggesting that a list of such unborn books would make an interesting parallel to Messrs. Corns and Sparke's coming bibliography of unfinished writings. They would certainly provide a good theme for some essayist with the necessary knowledge, for if written books are pleasant, those unwritten have a still greater fascination. Balzac accounts for them by saying that those who intended to write them either lacked courage or spent too much time and energy on preliminary preparations. To excess of preparation is due one of the best of the enchanted cigarettes of our own time, Lord Acton's "History of Liberty." As Messrs. Figgis and Lawrence say in their Introduction to Acton's essays: "It would have required the intellects of Napoleon and Julius Cæsar combined, and the lifetime of the patriarchs, to have executed that project as Acton appears to have planned it."

ANDREW LANG was inspired by Balzac's phrase to write an essay on "Enchanted Cigarettes." It is to be found in his "Adventures Among Books," but is practically confined to those of his own smoking. These were all novels, among them one to be called "Where is Rose?" which would introduce "an enterprising person named 'the Whiteley of Crime,' the universal Provider of Iniquity." Part of the idea was anticipated by "Called Back," and the novel, which was to have been written in collaboration with "a very great novelist," was abandoned. Was this "very great novelist" R. L. Stevenson? At any rate, Stevenson was given to the smoking of enchanted cigarettes. His list, apart from fiction, includes a series of papers on the French Parnassians, which was declined by "The Academy," biographies of Wellington and Hazlitt, a history of the Indian Mutiny, and an English grammar, to be illustrated by examples from the English classics.

BUT the most fascinating of Stevenson's enchanted cigarettes are his unwritten novels. These are as numerous as they are attractive. "My schemes," he wrote, "are all in the air, and vanish and reappear again like shapes in the clouds." Two of these shapes which kept reappearing were a romance, to be called "The Young Chevalier," and "Sophia Scarlet," a novel which was intended "to express and realize" the atmosphere of a large plantation in Tahiti. He describes two others in a letter to Miss Boodle:—

"I have a projected, entirely planned, love-story—everybody will think it dreadfully improper, I'm afraid—called 'Canonmills.' And I've a vague, rosy haze before me—a love-story, too, but not improper—called 'The Rising Sun.' It's the name of the wayside inn where the story, or much of the story, runs; but it's a kind of pun: it means the stirring up of a boy by falling in love, and how he rises in the estimation of a girl who despised him though she liked him and had befriended him; I really scarce see beyond their childhood yet, but I want to go beyond and make each out-top the other by successions; it would be pretty and true if I could do it."

SAMUEL BUTLER was another writer who enjoyed smoking enchanted cigarettes. His published "Note-Books" tell

us something about those which came nearest to achievement. One of the most characteristic is "a story about a free-thinking father who has an illegitimate son, which he considers the proper thing." But the son disappoints all his father's hopes, and grieves him by his departures from principle. He is discovered "taking to immoral ways—e.g., he turns Christian, becomes a clergyman, and insists on marrying." Apparently nothing was left for the father but to disinherit such a reprobate. Another project is an account of the Complete Drunkard who refused to give money to sober people. "He said that they would only eat it, and send their children to school with it." Yet another is a divorce novelette, in which the hero and heroine are married so that they may not forfeit property under an uncle's will; after many obstacles, they succeed in being divorced, and live happily apart ever afterwards. Butler also thought of compiling a collection of the letters of people who had committed suicide. This latter is a plan of an anthology which may yet be produced.

TURNING to an earlier period in our literature, the same enchanted cigarette was smoked by two of our great poets. Ruffhead has preserved the scheme which Pope drew up for a history of English poetry. After Pope's death this scheme fell into the hands of Gray, who was so much struck with it that he contemplated carrying out the work with the assistance of Mason. He was, however, deterred by the magnitude of the task, and he definitely laid it aside when he heard that Warton was engaged on a similar project. Warton's work was never completed, and it was not until 1910, when Mr. Courthope's tenth and concluding volume was published, that the world of books possessed anything approaching an adequate history of English poetry. Gray's contemporary, Gibbon, tells us in his "autobiography" of the many subjects which he revolved before fixing on his great work. He was particularly attracted by two of them. "There is one," he says, "which I should prefer to all others, 'The History of the Liberty of the Swiss.' The second subject is 'The History of the Republic of Florence under the House of Medicis.' . . . On this splendid subject I shall most probably fix; but when, or where, or how will it be executed?"

MACAULAY, like Gibbon, made at least one false start before determining on the historical work which made him famous. He not only contemplated, but actually began "A History of France from the Restoration of the Bourbons to the Accession of Louis Philippe." Two of his other projects were "a fair estimate of the intellectual and moral character of Voltaire," and a biography of Jane Austen. Of the latter he noted in his journal in the year before his death: "If I could get materials I really would write a short life of that wonderful woman, and raise a little money to put up a monument to her in Winchester Cathedral." Had Burke's proposed "History of England" been written it would almost certainly be a text-book of political science, and there are people who regret that Scott never wrote the story of the fair Venetian, which he abandoned for "The Fortunes of Nigel."

THE projects of living writers are not so easy to discover as are those of men whose biographies are written, and it is always possible that their enchanted cigarettes may end in something more than smoke. There does not seem, however, any great likelihood that Lord Bryce's promised "History of Germany" will now be published. It was announced some years ago by Messrs. Macmillan. A book on John Stuart Mill, by Mr. Balfour, was advertised to appear in Messrs. Blackwood's "Philosophical Classics," but it is to be feared that it too, like Dr. Martineau's volume on Spinoza in the same series, must be added to the number of enchanted cigarettes. On the other hand, we may hope that Mr. A. C. Deane's "Life and Times of Richard Bancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury," may yet see the light. Mr. Deane told us in one of his essays that he has collected good stores of material and discovered stacks of Bancroft's correspondence, as yet unpublished, but that the book remains unwritten because "other fish are nearer to the frying-pan." A biography of Bancroft would fill a gap in English ecclesiastical biography.

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## Reviews.

### THE DAWN OF TRUTH ON THE GERMAN MIND.

"J'accuse." By a German. (Lausanne: Payot. 4 frs.)

ONE of the most astounding features of the present conflict is the utter ignorance of the German and Austrian peoples as to its origin. Doubtless, ignorance is one of the conditions necessary to keep them wholehearted in the struggle. If the truth were fully known, they could no more be whipped up to the task than could the Turks if all the intrigues of Enver were laid bare. But ignorance is the normal condition of the Turkish populace, while Germans vaunt themselves the children of the light, struggling against the jealousy of France, the greed of the nation of shopkeepers, and the vast obscurantism of Russia. One German, however, has dared to speak the truth. He speaks it in Switzerland, for a firing-party would soon end the days of this modern Palm if he lifted up his voice among his people, whom he longs to enlighten and to save. Dr. Anton Suter, of Lausanne, testifies that the anonymous writer is a German patriot, and assumes responsibility for his work, which is evidently that of a cultured and able German of the old school. A true scion of the race that produced Kant, Fichte, and Schiller, he loathes the ruler and the military clique who have brought Germany to her present pass. After long residence in France, he testifies that the idea of *revanche* was virtually dead by 1900. The collapse of Boulangism, the follies of patriots like Déroulède, and, finally, the sorry show cut by militarism at the end of the Dreyfus affair (1906), all made for peaceful relations with Germany.

But about then came a change. After the defeat of Russia by Japan, Germany began to dictate to the Slav peoples, to France, and to Great Britain. The author passes these and other questions in brief review. Highly interesting is the section entitled "Germany's brilliant Development," which proves that, by peaceful means, she was gaining all that heart could wish. The totals of her imports and exports showed increases, from 6,000,000,000 marks early in this century to 20,000,000,000 in 1912. The same could be said of her output of iron, coal, &c. The only decrease was in the figures for emigration, which sank to about 20,000, while some 340,000 persons yearly left the British Isles. Did this decrease of emigration imply a fervid desire for the "place in the sun," of which the Kaiser so frequently spoke? No! Germans found all that they wanted at home. In fact, their amazing prosperity attracted other peoples, so that, for the time, Germany became an "immigrating country." The writer then shows that her colonies, maintained at so much cost, contain only 27,000 white persons. If this estimate be correct (it is perhaps below the mark, for South-West Africa has attracted many farmers and some miners), the German colonies contain only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the average yearly increase of population in the Fatherland. Away, then, with the claims of the German Colonial Party, that new abodes must at once be secured for the overcrowded population; for the very few who emigrated refused to go to their own colonies for obvious reasons. In no respect, then, has Germany benefited by her colonies.

Here, surely, the writer fails to take into account their value as military and naval bases. Mr. Evans Lewin, in his recent book, "The Germans and Africa," supplies the explanation of German policy in that continent. The author of "J'accuse" brands it as stupid, but he does not see that the conquest of Africa, undertaken from the German colonies there and from the Hedjaz Railway, would accomplish a long stride towards the domination of the world, as that continent commands the routes to the East, to the Antipodes, and to South America. The popularity of these plans appears in an extract from a German official paper quoted on pages 315-16. These considerations explain the rage of the German colonialists at not acquiring South Morocco, whence they hoped ultimately to dominate the great sea-routes and to influence the Moslems of North Africa. The 100,000 square miles of the French Congo, accorded as compensation late in 1911, they rejected as paltry; and it was paltry in comparison with their ultimate aims. The author, writing as a Free Trader,

arraigns their policy as mad; but he and they have nothing in common.

Indeed, it is one of the contributory causes of the war that the German Progressives both misunderstood and under-estimated the bellicose influences about them. On page 107 the author asserts that the majority of Germans were for peace, especially in the "not-yet-Prussianized" South Germany. But the friends of peace had little political influence. Against them were arrayed the Junkers (all-powerful in Prussia), colonial fanatics who raved about the need of new outlets for Germans, ideologues who demanded that German Kultur should rule the world, and, above all, the "Cannon-Kings and Ironclad-Lords," who controlled many journals, both in and out of Germany. He admits that, up to Midsummer, 1914, these groups were considered of little account—a terrible blunder, as the sequel showed. It is well-nigh incredible that friends of peace in Germany should not have realized the meaning of the war-campaign, long conducted by professors, teachers, and journalists, which attained almost to frenzy amidst the centenary celebrations of the German triumphs of 1813-14. Leipzig, La Rothière, Paris, were the signposts that led the Germans astray in 1913-14. Among the false patriots, the author singles out as chief the Crown Prince, who, in his book "Deutschland in Waffen," scoffed at the idea of a world-peace, and inculcated the training of "the will to conquer," and of the understanding when to strike. Bitterly, too, he cites the Prince's flaming words to the Guards at Döberitz, and his exclamation to the Danzig Hussars after a charge—"Ah, that it were in earnest." They have now ridden to death, and the Prince did not lead them.

The author notes that the German diplomatic service is staffed entirely by nobles or their near connections; and he finds in that fact the cause of the extraordinary blunders of German diplomacy. Certainly no record in diplomacy since the time of Napoleon I. has been so marked by bluster and reliance on force. On many occasions it succeeded. It won for Germany most of her colonies; and, on Baron Aehrenthal becoming Foreign Minister at Vienna in 1906, the same methods replaced the old Austrian *gemäßlichkeit*. The results were seen in the sudden annexation of Bosnia in 1908, assured by the Kaiser's apparition "in shining armor." To this policy the author correctly ascribes the universal distrust, if not fear, of Germany and Austria that has prevailed in the last decade, the outcome of which is the Triple Entente. He declares it to be a defensive arrangement, brought about by the alarming growth in power and aggressiveness of the Triple Alliance. That alliance, defensive in origin, has been perverted to offensive aims. The statesmen of Berlin repelled all proposals for limitation of armaments, for arbitration, and for "a naval holiday." On them, therefore, must rest the responsibility for the growing tension which has led to the rupture.

As for "the encircling policy," fathered on King Edward, the anonymous author disposes of that popular legend. Lord Esher, in his recent volume, "The Influence of King Edward, and other Essays," has disproved the German fiction that the late King was constantly intriguing at foreign capitals. The latest developments also refute those rumors. We now see that it was the Kaiser who, by marriage alliances, family connections, or private influence tilted the balance against us at Athens, Bukarest, and Sofia, not to speak of Constantinople and the Vatican. It is he who "encircled" Russia, and cut her off from Western Europe.

Signor Giolitti's disclosures as to Austria's desire to attack Serbia in August, 1913, after the second Balkan War which she mainly provoked, lead to the inquiry why Germany did not then back up her ally. The answer is that Germany was not ready. The use which she made of the next months is now clear enough. The Austrian "Rotbuch" also shows that, in July, 1914, that Power was resolved, in any case, to attack the Serbs. Other official proofs make it clear that Germany was backing her up, while Russia warned her of the consequences of such action. The Crown Prince, rather than the Kaiser, is here pointed out as the malign influence at Berlin working for war; and the author cites from the German "Weissbuch" the Kaiser's telegram of July 28th to the Tsar as proving peaceful intentions. This is possible; though it is explicable as an effort to "amuse" the Tsar by ascribing the Austro-Serb dispute solely to the murder of the Arch-



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duke, which we now know to have been merely the pretext for the rupture. He also mentions (p. 154) the rumour that the Crown Prince and his military following threatened to resign their appointments unless the Emperor decided for war. As to this, it is well to reserve judgment. The conjecture that war was decided on in a council held at Potsdam late on July 29th is plausible. But it is significant that, though the Kaiser arrived back from his cruise on the night of July 26-7th, he seems to have done nothing either to dissuade Austria from declaring war on Serbia on the 28th, or to promote the acceptance of Sir Edward Grey's pacific proposal, which, indeed, the Berlin Government rejected on that day. Late on July 29th, and subsequently, the signs of a war-like resolve at Berlin increased. To that night belong "the infamous proposals" of Bethmann-Hollweg to Sir Edward Goschen, which were meaningless unless Germany was contemplating aggressive action against France (then singularly passive). Why also, we ask with the author, did the German Government omit from its "Weissbuch" the Tsar's answer to the Kaiser's telegram of July 29th (exhibit 22)? In that answer, as is known from Russian official sources, the Tsar offered to refer the Austro-Serb dispute to the Hague Tribunal. No reply was forthcoming to the Tsar's proposal. Neither did the Kaiser await the arrival of Tatischeff, whom the Tsar promised to despatch to Berlin on the night of July 30th (exhibit 23a). Before his arrival, which could not take place before August 1st, Germany despatched her ultimatums both to Petrograd and Paris.

In regard to the military preparations, it is fairly certain that Russia followed Austria. The partial mobilization ordered at Petrograd on July 29th was due to the similar step taken at Vienna and the declaration of war on Serbia on the 28th. Complete mobilization was ordered at Vienna at 1 a.m. on July 31st; whereupon, later on that day, a similar measure was decreed at Petrograd. But preliminary steps of a menacing character had already taken place in both countries; and in these respects it is not yet clear where the blame chiefly lies. Before July 31st Austria had mobilized eight army corps, which Russia deemed excessive, if only Serbia was aimed at. It is also fallacious to compare the different systems. As is pointed out on page 164, the German preliminary measure known as *Kriegsgefahr* (which was declared at midday of July 31st), is a "German speciality under cover of which the most important measures of mobilization are concealed." In view of this fact, and of the perfection of the German railway system, when contrasted with that of Russia, it is misleading to equate terms which have a very different significance in the two lands. Moreover, the German army, on a peace footing, far exceeded that either of France or Russia.

This work makes it clear that the demand of the Berlin Government to Russia on July 31st for demobilization within twelve hours was both impossible and unjust; impossible, because Russia could not so speedily stop the working of machinery which had been set in motion throughout her myriad villages; unjust, because Germany made no similar demand or request to Austria. If the Kaiser had seriously desired peace, he would have urged demobilization on both Powers and the discussion of the Austro-Serb dispute before some competent tribunal. Austria, even after completely mobilizing, was still holding the door open to friendly *pourparlers* with Russia. The Tsar's Government was equally willing, as was known at Vienna ("Rotbuch," Nos. 51, 53). It was Germany which slammed the door.

As regards France and Britain, the author of "J'accuse" proves that they neither foresaw nor provoked the rupture. In fact, they were unprepared for it. Germany had the start of France at every stage of the preparations. On July 29th German patrols twice entered French territory, while the French were withdrawn ten kilometres so as to avert a collision. The diplomacy of Paris was at no point provocative. The efforts of Sir Edward Grey to avert a European war also receive due recognition, attention being drawn to his suggestion of July 30th to Berlin for a friendly understanding between the two great alliances if the crisis could be passed. Bethmann-Hollweg waived aside the proposal. German assertions as to French or British designs to occupy Belgium receive short shrift in this work. Belgium's conduct toward the German ultimatum of August 3rd is eulogized. Only then did King Albert appeal to the two Powers

for help, which, of course, was forthcoming. Under ten heads the author summarizes the services by which Sir Edward Grey sought to assure peace, while on pp. 200-1 he draws up fifteen indictments of German policy, ending with the verdict:—"Germany, in common with Austria, is guilty of having brought about the European War."

History will endorse these decisions. The question of questions now is—When will the German people fully realize these truths? When they do, the war will end.

J. HOLLAND ROSE.

#### HENRY VAUGHAN—SILURIST.

"The Works of Henry Vaughan." Edited by LEONARD CYRIL MARTIN. (Clarendon Press. 2 vols. 18s. net.)

FROM the angle of the students, commentators, and critics of English letters, Henry Vaughan is one of the curiosities of literary values. It is not that he has been ignored like Traherne was, until the late Mr. Dobell thrust him on to contemporary appreciation. On the contrary, wherever the "Metaphysicals" are gathered together under a general survey, there is Vaughan in the midst of them. But there you have it—he hardly exists in the eyes of critics as a separate entity, only as contributing to the "group-consciousness" of his fellow-mystics. Donne, Crashaw, Herbert, and Quarles, especially the latter, who, curiously enough, has received the mysterious initiation of popular esteem, have had their individual growths; Vaughan has been only a tree in the orchard of seventeenth-century devotional poetry. His name, that is to say, has survived and superseded his poetic expression. Mr. Saintsbury, for instance, whose range and knowledge make him an excellent guide to the passes of literary favor, hardly mentions him in his history of Elizabethan literature except under persuasion and in a reluctant footnote. Wordsworth, who unquestionably owed something of the inspiration and structural felicity of his Immortality Ode to Vaughan's "The Retreat":—

"Happy those early dayes! when I  
Shin'd in my angell-infancy.  
Before I understood this place  
Appointed for my second race,  
Or taught my soul to fancy aught  
But a white, celestiall thought.  
When yet I had not walk'd above  
A mile or two from my first love,  
And, looking back (at that short space),  
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;  
When on some gilded cloud or flow're  
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,  
And in those weaker glories spy  
Some shadows of eternity."

—who, indeed, possessed Vaughan's works, as the catalogue of his library betrays, never acknowledged him. It was not until Canon Beeching boldly set apart two volumes of "The Muses' Library" to Vaughan's poetic fame, and so unbracketed him from his associates, that he began to rear his diminished head. And Mr. Martin's complete and handsome edition will, it is to be hoped, finally reinstate him.

Now it would be merely paradoxical to deny that Vaughan was himself partially responsible for this. Of the contents of these two volumes a large portion is prose. Nearly all the pieces are translations. There are two treatises of Plutarch's, a panegyric of country life by Don Antonio de Guevara, a "parenetical epistle" of Eucherius, Bishop of Lyons, two discourses by Nieremberg, a rhapsody of Anselm's, a life of Bishop Paulinus, and a medical book by Henry Nollus, chemist, treating of fumes, vapors, meteors, exhalations, tartars, gibbosities, luxations, and other mucilages. Only one, "The Mount of Olives" (1652), a rather ceremonious and thorny meditation, is Vaughan's own. The "Life of Paulinus," a literal transcript from the original, is unacknowledged. And in his four books of poems Vaughan seems deliberately anxious to hide his poetic personality under a bushel. His early love-poems to "Amoret," largely fashionable exercises and metrical experiments, and "Old Iscanus" (Swan of Usk—1651), his first considerable venture, are, some of them, modelled on the school of the Court lyrists, such as Cleveland; the satires and epistles, whose only impulse is a barren tortuousness, on Donne; others on Sandys, Randolph, Herbert, and patristic writings. "Thalia



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Rediviva" (1678), a playground for the casual revels of tropes, figures, similes, euphuism, analogy, and allusion, owes allegiance for its delicate sweetness to Marvell and Herrick, for its formality and ingenuity, to Davenant, Waller, and Denham, the *commissionaires*, so to speak, to the Augustan school of verse. To "Silex Scintillans" (1651-1655), where Vaughan, do what he might, could no longer avoid his intrinsic originality, Herbert, whose "Temple" appeared twenty years earlier, was, of course, the spiritual foster-father.

It is in his relation to Herbert that we can see how Vaughan not only compromised and obscured his own reputation, but was even conscious and justified of it. The one cardinal impression that the body of his work leaves upon the mind is the cleavage between his poetic impetus and its appropriate medium. And the whole of Vaughan's poetry reflects the strain, the anguish of attempting to reconcile the two. For—let there be no mistake about it—Vaughan's *thought*, the transcendental cast of his vision and imagination, owes nothing to anybody. His subtle and passionate apprehension of spiritual values, his vital interpretation of the day-spring from on high, makes him not the tributary, but, with the exception of Donne, the fountain-head of the "Metaphysicals." None of them has quite his feeling for Nature or his power of visualizing Nature as the garment of the divine presence. In this respect, Vaughan's mystical philosophy anticipated both Wordsworth and Shelley. His sense of the harmony of creation and of man's religious intimacy with elemental forces is at times so poignant that he might almost be an elaborate preface to the Lyrical Ballads. The disjointed but magnificent music of "Corruption" is an instance:—

"Man, in those early days,  
Was not all stone and earth.  
He shin'd a little, and of those weak rays,  
Had some glimpse of his birth.  
He sigh'd for Eden, and would often say,  
Ah! what bright days were those?"

Nor was Heav'n cold unto him; for each day  
The valley or the mountain  
Afforded visits, and still Paradise lay  
In some green shade or fountain.  
Angels lay leiger there: each bush and cel,  
Each oke and high-way knew them.  
Walk but the fields, or sit down at some wel,  
And he was sure to view them."

Vaughan, indeed, but rarely falls into the "Metaphysical" trick of pirating unfamiliar natural phenomena, not for emotional, but for verbal experience. Nearly all his imagery from Nature is a symbol of, an index to, that universal revelation which pre-occupied his poetic utterance. The correspondences with Shelley, though less obvious, have their place. With Vaughan, as with Shelley, the world was the counterfeit of the unseen, eternal reality—the mask of the spirit, rather than a mile-stone to heaven. Man's pursuit of the illusions of the world dulls him to lethargy, or pricks him to a feverish restlessness. His salvation is to discover and reveal those glimpses and reflective fires of the divine which are his means to communion with it. So, in the poem on "Man":—

"He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,  
Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones have,  
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,  
By some hid sense their Maker gave;  
Man is the shuttle to whose winding quest  
And passage through these looms.  
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest."

or as in the exquisite "The Dawning":—

"Ah! what time wilt thou come? when shall that crie  
The Bridegroom's coming! fil the sky?  
Shall it in the evening run,  
When our words and works are run,  
Or wilt thou all-surprising light  
Break at midnight?  
When either sleep, or some dark pleasure,  
Possesseth mad men without measure;  
Or shall these early, fragrant hours  
Unlock thy bowres?  
And with their blush of light descri  
Thy locks crown'd with eternitie;

Indeed, it is the only time  
That with thy glory doth best chime.  
All now are stirring, ev'ry field  
Ful hymns doth yield.  
\* The whole creation shakes off night,  
And for thy shadow looks the light.  
Stars now vanish without number,  
Sleepie planets set and slumber.  
The pursie clouds disband and scatter,  
All expect some sudden matter.  
Not one beam triumphs, but from far,  
That morning-star."

Unfortunately, Vaughan's actual expression is very rarely adequate to his thought. It is only in, perhaps, half-a-score of the poems in "Silex Scintillans" (his supreme achievement) that the form contains the idea. It is this inarticulateness, this only *potential* sublimity, that has obscured his lustre, and diverted many from reading him except in anthologies. The earth lies heavy on his riches. Vaughan is rarely grotesque, like Crashaw; he does not debauch language by speaking of tears as "walking baths, compendious oceans." When he strains or perverts a figure, it is not out of wantonness, but because his painfully struggling idea can only grope a contorted way to life. It is extraordinary that Traherne, with his triumphantly mobile and symmetrical expression, should have been identified for two centuries with Vaughan. What you find as the result of this divorce between the spiritual impulse and its metrical presentment, are prosiness, flatness, aridity. Page after page of Vaughan's work is parched for want of the easy moisture of creative form. His passionate thought strikes a simile, which generates another. Another radiates from that. Down they all go, either in dishevelled procession, or in inconsequent confusion. He is either diffuse to superfluity or confined to obscurity. At his worst, he cannot even command the rudiments of metre. He is as much at odds with his pauses, accents, and feet as with the proportions and rhythm of his language.

Now, there can be little doubt that Vaughan was acutely conscious of this dispersion of effect. Except where his utterance flows into concord with his poetic conception, this wrestling with the clay is manifest in every line, and for us to realize it is in great measure to solve the problem of his borrowings. It is important to notice that, on the whole, Vaughan does not borrow material, but phrases. And when he does, as though he were held up in his effort to embody his thought, he takes them over bodily. The fact that they often read irrelevantly to the march of his ideas—as though they were asides—strengthens the impression that they are temporary stop-gaps. Vaughan is, indeed, sometimes derivative in his treatment of certain themes, and in his construction of certain conceits. But the "Metaphysicals" possessed a common stock, a reservoir of orthodox material, just as the Elizabethan sonneteers did. That does not impair Vaughan's originality. His usual process is, as we have said, to transplant lines and sentences wholesale. And surely his particular indebtedness to Herbert is explicable on this count. It was natural that Vaughan, the artist of ideas, should pay an exaggerated respect to Herbert, the artist of words. It is not the only instance in literature where the greater and more irregular mind has deferred to the lesser and neater one. Vaughan's inspiration looked to Herbert's form, not to stimulate, but to clothe it. It was a mistake, but an intelligible one. It was only in the rare intervals, when Vaughan's imagination created its own felicitous content, that he scaled the tops of majesty:—

"Were all my loud evil days  
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,  
Whose peace but by some angel's wing or voice  
Is seldom rent;  
Then I, in Heaven, all the long year  
Would keep and never wander here."

"But living where the sun  
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tyre  
Themselves and others, I consent and run  
To ev'ry myre.  
And by this world's ill guiding light,  
Erre more than I can do by night."

"There is in God (some say)  
A deep but dazzling darkness, as men here,

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AN easy-thinking world is apt to divide those who have to do with wild animals into two classes, hunters and naturalists. It imagines that those who spend their time in collecting dead animals cannot know much about their life histories, and that the hunter always swallows the naturalist. Yet, not much would be known about our own wild animals, whether it be the protected hare and partridge or the "varmint" stoat and weasel, if we ignored the contributions of the gamekeeper and sportsman. One cannot long shoot animals at sight even, without learning bit by bit a great deal about their manner of life. Possibly we shall learn much more some day by other means. As it is, we can scarcely say what the pure observer has contributed. If the shooter has swallowed the naturalist, the morsel has been but a tiny one.

In one way, Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Heller are too modest in the description of their book. The title might lead one to suppose that the usual classification of science, osteological description, and so on, were omitted, whereas, in fact, this part of the subject is as complete and accurate as in most other natural histories, while the habitat of each species and race is carefully worked out and made clear with maps. In fact, with the exception of animals of such special interest to the sportsman as the lion, elephant, rhinoceros, and buffalo, what we may call the dead history occupies rather the greater space. It is an important book for the scientist, as well as the naturalist, on some of the most distinctively African groups of animals.

The lion has seldom received a more generous obituary. Colonel Roosevelt has observed much concerning him, and, without drawing on the records of other hunters and observers, furnishes an admirable character sketch that makes us better acquainted with the animal than with most others. Mr. Heller has participated in the outrage of catching lions with rat-traps, and there is no more striking feline trait than the reluctance of this great animal to suffer a little pain and loss in order to save its life. It will not, like the wolf, shatter its teeth upon the trap in an effort to destroy it; the idea of amputating a single toe for the sake of liberty, which the musk-rat cheerfully accepts, does not occur to it. It just drags its hobble till the trapper follows up the spoor and shoots it. By contrast, we have the picture very strongly painted of its utter fearlessness as a hunter, of the overwhelming fierceness of its rush upon the prey, as well as the dangerous battle it gives to man when it has been provoked.

Beyond the hunting stories, we get more than once a promising glimpse of the inner, normal life of many African animals. Some are already familiar, such as the pride of speed that makes the wildebeeste gambol and execute many strange antics before condescending to gallop away from an intruder. Less known is the reluctance of this antelope to go to the water-hole without the leadership of some other animal, preferably the hartebeest. There is evidently much else to learn about the intertribal relations of wild animals. The book brings us a little nearer to an understanding of the exact footing that obtains between the lion and that strange mixture of cat, dog, and prehistoric monster, the "cackling, shrieking, and sometimes laughing hyena." Cowardly as the hyena is, he has some rights that cannot

be infringed even by the lion. It is shown how the rabble will drive off a hungry lion that attempts to feed at their kill, and how, probably, the worn-out lion is finished off by the cackling brotherhood.

Once, Mr. Roosevelt thinks, he was present at a giraffe rendezvous, for he met a singularly preoccupied individual waiting and looking into the far distance, whence shortly another appeared coming towards the same spot. Many instances are given of strong friendships between animals of distinct species. Thus a Tommy gazelle was the accepted leader of four Grant gazelles, a zebra and an oryx and a hartebeest and a topi became partners respectively, and a very strange alliance endured between a hartebeest and a rhino.

Every naturalist nowadays must have his theory of evolution. Colonel Roosevelt occupies a hundred pages in tilting at those whom he calls the "ultra concealing-colorationists." The extreme view is not worth attacking, and Mr. Roosevelt does himself an injury by seeming to dispute more than in cold blood he ought. No one suggests that all colors are protective. Nor does the author effectively knock heads together when he declares that if a countershaded monocolor is obliterative, the stripes of the zebra cannot be so also. In fact, his own evidence refutes that argument, for only seven pages later he says:—

"A solid reddish-brown, and a slaty-grey with white astripes, are not in the least alike; yet the wearers of both coats, in substantially the same country, are exceedingly and equally difficult to see, as we ourselves discovered."

The author seems particularly perverse on the subject of spots, stripes, and reticulations. He admits that the lion has a most protective color, except for his mane and the black ears, and is worried about the ancestral spots that he has not quite got rid of. But surely the lion's present habitat is acknowledged to have changed towards desert condition in comparatively very modern times, and it seems quite clear that the lion's coloration has changed with it. "In reality," says Mr. Roosevelt, "it is the landscape, and not the coloration, which obliterates the animal. The spotted, the striped, and the unicolored animals are all obliterated in precisely the same manner." Still, he must know that some landscapes swallow spots better and others countershaded monocolors. He does not seem to appreciate the effect of his own remark that in America and in Africa the one-colored cat keeps mostly to the plains and hills and never ventures into the dense forests which are the favorite haunts of the spotted cat. We do not think that the facts of the two cases "are mutually contradictory if the effort is made to build theories of concealing coloration on them."

The estimate of the striping of the zebra as a protective scheme of color is not destroyed, but strengthened, by the observation that at a little distance the stripes disappear and the animal becomes a pale grey. Mr. Roosevelt says that the giraffe, because of its size and shape, is always recognizable at such a distance that its coloration is of no consequence. That is true when the giraffe is in the open, and when its well-known vigilance and powers of speed make it safe from surprise. He compares it with the monochrome rhinoceros, usually made out at a distance less easily than the giraffe, and then naively admits that, whereas the giraffe rarely lies down, "the rhino lies down as freely as a pig."

The reticulated giraffe "has a bright-reddish coat of a highly advertising quality." We are not sure that the same could not be said of our own fallow deer; yet most naturalists would admit that the dappling of the latter animal makes it hard to see under trees. Mr. Lydekker speaks of the "fawn or chestnut" broken by narrow, white stripes as "a very primitive type of animal coloration connected with a forest life, and the presumption is that it is of a protective nature."

The giraffe is treated by Mr. Roosevelt almost entirely as a creature of the plains, till one wonders why it has a long neck and a tongue peculiarly adapted for twisting off the leaves of trees. If it is found in scrub of any kind it is so thin that one can ride through it at a gallop. But then that is just the kind of scrub to which, according to the "protective colorationists," its coat of streaks and blotches is adapted. It would seem that Mr. Roosevelt was somewhat handicapped by passing through the giraffe country in



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the driest season of the year. He writes as though he thought all landscapes were the same and all animal uniforms the same. He pays tribute to Lord Delamere as a mighty hunter; but, surely, if he had seen Lord Delamere's photographs of reticulated giraffes in East African coverts, he would say that the animals were effectively obliterated in the only possible way.

In this matter of coloration we think that Mr. Roosevelt has generalized a little recklessly. He is so intent on fighting the rather extreme statements of Professor Poulton and Mr. Thayer, that he has himself taken up a more opposite attitude than in cold blood he might have done. We wonder whether he believes in any natural selection at all. At any rate, we cannot help thinking that the strength of his prejudice against the "ultra concealing-colorationists" vitiates a good deal of his evidence and somewhat spoils this otherwise useful and important book.

#### THE RIVALRY IN THE BALKANS.

"The War and the Balkans." By NOEL E. BUXTON, M.P., and CHARLES RODEN BUXTON. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE Balkan States during the war which followed on their defeat of Turkey got themselves into a tangle. Bulgaria distrusts Serbia and Greece, and each of these States distrusts Bulgaria. The European War, commencing in August last, found them in this condition, and the tangle seemed worse than ever because it had apparently been made permanent by the Treaty of Bukarest. In the beginning of last November Turkey joined in the war, and then every well-wisher to all the Balkan States desired to see the knot untangled. All impartial observers recognized that an injustice had been done to Bulgaria, and sanctioned by the Treaty of Bukarest. Inasmuch, however, as common action by all the Balkan States was desirable in their interest and in that of the Entente and civilization generally, the well-wishers in question set themselves to the work of disentangling. Among them, the brothers Buxton, the authors of this book, will always hold an honored place. They have journeyed through the Balkans on various occasions during the last ten years, and the Balkan Committee, of which Mr. Noel E. Buxton is the Chairman, has long worked unremittingly for better government, especially in Macedonia. When the revolution occurred in Turkey in 1908, they and the Balkan Committee hoped much from the coming into power of the Committee of Union and Progress. Whatever that Committee might have done, its work in Macedonia was ended when the Balkan League was formed. The League at first was between Serbia and Bulgaria, but Greece subsequently joined. The Buxtons still maintained their interest in Macedonia, and endeavored to overcome the difficulties which had arisen in the Second Balkan War—a labor which was rewarded by a nearly successful attempt on their lives, said to have been instigated by Young Turkey. Undeterred by this, they continued their self-imposed task, and the present book is at once an impartial statement of facts in regard to the disputes among the Balkan States and an attempt at solution.

Briefly put, the difficulty is the following: By the arrangements sanctioned by the Treaty of Bukarest, Bulgaria lost a strip of territory in the Dobrukscha; instead of having a port on the Ægean, she received only the miserable roadstead of Dede-Aghatch; but worst of all a portion of territory in Southern Macedonia, occupied principally by Bulgarians, was divided between Serbia and Greece. Since the signature of the Bukarest Treaty, Bulgaria has labored under a grievance. Rumania, or at least Mr. Také-Jonescu, recognizes the grievance so far at least as that country is concerned, and is willing to remedy it. M. Passich, the Premier of Serbia, and M. Venezelos recognize that in the interest of civilization, a solution of the question must be found. The difficulty, however, both in Serbia and Greece, arises from the reluctance of the nations to sacrifice territory. M. Venezelos, indeed, with his statesmanlike mind, saw the desirability of giving to Bulgaria the port of Cavalla in exchange for territory in Asia Minor. But he was

opposed by the influences of the Crown, and resigned. The brothers Buxton are of opinion that no friendly agreement can be arrived at under present conditions between Bulgaria and either Serbia or Greece. They take up the position, however, that if the three Ententist Powers would formally declare that Cavalla must go to Bulgaria, and that Southern Macedonia should either be definitely divided between Bulgaria and Serbia, or left to be divided in accordance with the original Treaty of February, 1912, which formed the Balkan League, the difficulty would be solved. M. Passich could say to the people whose cause has now been bound up with that of the Entente, that in return for their cession of territory they should have the larger portion of the Dalmatian coast, so that the outlet to the Adriatic should not be a mere line. In such case the country would gladly acquiesce in the arrangement as being the decision of the Powers. The evidence daily coming to hand tends to show that we shall shortly be in presence of such a declaration. In that case the neutrality of Bulgaria will be at an end; 300,000 Bulgarian troops could march upon Adrianople, and greatly aid the Allied Fleets in freeing the Straits. For all who take an interest in this immediate question, and especially in the progress of the Balkan States, this book is of great value. The case of each country is stated without partiality and with sympathy, and the remedy suggested is the only practical one which can be adopted. But the formal declaration made on behalf of the three Ententist Powers should come quickly.

EDWIN PEARLS.

#### FOUR TYPES.

"Patricia." By EDITH HENRIETTA FOWLER. (Putnam. 6s.)  
 "The Courtship of Rosamond Fayre." By BERTA RUCK. (Hutchinson. 6s.)  
 "Mr. Washington." By MARJORIE BOWEN. (Methuen. 6s.)  
 "Co-Directors." By UNA L. SILBERRAD. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

"PATRICIA," we feel, is one of those novels which is far too bright and good for human nature's daily food. It introduces us to those inaccessible hemispheres of conduct where bishops, diplomats, Cabinet Ministers, and titled parsons may be observed in their native atmosphere, for a charge of only six shillings:—

"And then the people whom she met there were so astonishing: men cultured and clever, men brilliant and witty, statesmen, noblemen, headmasters, men of letters and of art; and yet, withal, many of them in Orders, but such clergymen as Patricia had never dreamed of. The women were charming and gracious and interesting and clever. Many were of high rank, all of high worth. Their manners were perfect and their conversation delightful. There were young people, too—attractive, wholesome girls, and pleasant 'Varsity boys.'"

And what is the "great universal interest" which makes Mrs. Hamilton see these potentates not as common men, but as trees walking? It is

"the one vital and consuming motor power of Christianity." It is this, no doubt, that inspires the author's exhilarating optimism:—

"She was realizing . . . that statesmen were straight and honorable, and society, in large measure, fresh and clean; that the cynics were only so because they were morally short-sighted . . . that the world was growing better, and the forces of right were unconquerable; that many men of worth, who yet lack faith, were nearer than they knew to the Kingdom of God, and that the growth of that Kingdom was the crown of politics, the inspiration of work, the essence of interest, the realization of the ideal."

Strange to say, there actually are not only a few poor people in the exalted environment of "Patricia"; but even poor people who share the dispensations of a four per cent. Providence. On certain conditions, however. The miller, for instance, is a garrulous representative of that illustrious figure, the Conservative Working Man; the Vaughans are country clergy, who, by vigorously rattling the tea-cups at parish meetings and living with all their might up to the aristocracy of the neighborhood, are granted a certificate of the divine benevolence. Over all these patri-

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### MALACCA RUBBER PLANTATIONS.

PRESIDING at the meeting of the Malacca Rubber Plantations, Ltd., on Tuesday last, Mr. George B. Dodwell said the Colonial expenses in respect of a crop of 3,382,147 lb. of rubber were £180,760, which compared with £192,868 for 3,008,475 lb. in 1913, showing an actual decrease of expenses of £12,108, with an increase in production of 373,672 lb. These figures were extremely satisfactory, showing a decrease per pound of 2.81d. which was rather more than they ventured to anticipate. The fact that they realised £13,633 less for the crop was a question of the market, and he could only say that their hope was that in the present year increased production would go hand in hand with an enhanced price. They sold a sensible proportion of last year's crop f.o.b. Singapore, and by that means cut out freight and London charges to the amount of about £5,000. Had the rubber been brought home the proceeds of the crop would have been increased by about £5,000, but the charges on the other side would have been subject to a corresponding increase. Home expenses were also down, totalling £29,009, as against £42,613.

The net profit for the year was £144,223, as compared with £131,156 for 1913. The most noticeable feature in the balance-sheet was that the capital expenditure came down from £83,717 to £35,700. For the present year it would be still further reduced, as there would be no fresh planting to pay for, while the non-producing areas were a constantly diminishing quantity.

Dealing with the present position of the plantations, the chairman said that things were never so satisfactory in Malacca as they were to-day. The planting programme was complete, and they had 16,000 acres under rubber. The estates were in an excellent condition, and the non-producing areas were coming along well. As to labour, the new scheme put into force at the end of last year had worked smoothly and effected a considerable reduction in the Colonial expenses.

## The Daily News

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cians, who, thanks to the power of righteousness, inherit the earth, hangs the obligation of work and duty. We seem to see them through Mrs. Hamilton's eyes, as they set out for the East End, in their broughams and their motor-cars.

"The Courtship of Rosamond Fayre," though it moves on the same planet of ideas as "Patricia," starts from the opposite pole. For the portentous episcopalianism of the latter it substitutes a mechanical flippancy. Mrs. Hamilton's romance reminds us of the great lady of a country house; Mrs. Onions's romance reminds us of her irresponsible younger daughters. The plot does not matter in the least; it is simply an excuse for intrigue, chatter, and cross-purposes. Eleanor Urquhart, of a pallid, neutral, and inarticulate disposition, obtains the services of her secretary, Rosamond, in writing to her betrothed cousin Ted. Naturally, the engaged couple had never seen one another, and so, of course, Ted falls in love with Rosamond under the delusion that she was Eleanor. The situation is complicated, because, for some reason or other, Ted would not tell Rosamond who he was. With the revelation that Rosamond is not Eleanor, and with the introduction of a second satellite to Rosamond we have an entanglement of the "quantum quid" variety. The second part of the book is occupied with the war. Rosamond, who has now become a recruiting agent, for some reason or another, regards Ted as a "shirker." We drift steadily on, pelted by volleys of elaborate fun, until at last Eleanor has the courage to tell Ted that she could not really marry him after all. So poor Ted gets what he wants—glory on the battlefield, Rosamond, and unlimited banter. And Rosamond gets what apparently she wants—which is Ted, minus an arm, war and plenty of it, and unlimited banter.

Miss Bowen's latest historical romance is much more readable than its predecessor, "The Carnival of Florence." The reason is that it relies less upon those decorative externals which make so much of the capable author's work more like an Earl's Court Exhibition than historical reconstruction. The narrative takes us from Washington's first adventurous skirmish with the French to his staff appointment under the luckless General Braddock. With the defeat and death of the general, Miss Bowen carries her hero back to his slave plantation in Virginia, and interpolates, as sentimental relief, an account of his love for and ultimate marriage with Martha Dandridge. The second part of the book deals with the War of Independence, from Washington's winter campaign on the Delaware to his capture of Yorktown eight years later. The virtue of the book is that, with the exception of some parenthetic libations to that omnipotent deity "Heart-Interest," it is a plain, straightforward narrative of action. It is true that Miss Bowen gives us very little idea of Washington's psychology. For all she interprets him, he might still be the school-book demon of every human child and the embodiment of Samuel Smiles's ideal.

"Co-Directors" is a hard, clear-cut narrative of Elizabeth Thain's and Marlcroft's venture in a vitrified Slate Factory. Its methods have nothing casual or slapdash about them—rather grimly the reverse. Miss Silberrad, implacably sober-suited and conscientiously attached to the fashionable realism of our younger novelists, describes the vicissitudes of the business enterprise with indefatigable minuteness. It is, therefore, not a novel, but a chronicle. It is a work, not of imaginative creation, but of imaginative memory. And it is certainly worked out with businesslike competence.

## The Week in the City.

THE knowledge that all was not happy in Whitehall has undoubtedly been a factor in the stagnation on the Stock Exchange, and the changes in the Cabinet, however undesirable changes at this time may be in themselves, are welcome if they make for harmony. The war news, too, apart from the casualties, is better, and money has come rather more freely to the Stock Exchange, partiality being shown towards the recent new issues. Both the South African Loan and the Indian Railway issue have been bought this week, and have recovered from the low figures to which they fell after their very poor initial reception. That, however, was due to the extremely gloomy nature of the news at the time when they came out. The new 6 per cent. Argentine Treasury Bonds also, which were the subject of an unjustifiable attack from a particular section of the Press, have been bought on their merits, and now stand at about 97½. The yield on them at this figure is over 6½ per cent., allowing for redemption in five years' time, and there is no reason to anticipate that an investment in them would prove other than a profitable one. The new Buenos Ayres Western Debenture allotments were out on Wednesday morning, and applicants have only received about one-quarter of the sum applied for. The scrip is dealt in at about a point premium. Other Argentine railways have been strong on the good traffics, which may be expected to improve steadily as the financial year draws to its close on June 30th. Great Southern are rather dull, on reports of a coming capital issue which will not likely take a similar form to the Western issue. There is no reason why this should weaken the stock, for it will be offered to stockholders on favourable terms. Armament shares remain very dull and neglected, investors apparently having been frightened away by the talk of taxes on war profits. It is difficult, however, to see how such taxation would be imposed equitably otherwise than through the machinery of the income-tax; and as many of the shares give very good returns, on peace-time dividends, their want of popularity is hard to understand.

### BANK HOURS AND BANK DEPOSITORS.

A movement is on foot for the earlier closing of banks within the Metropolitan area, making three o'clock the time at which the doors will be closed to the public instead of four o'clock, as at present. This would enable the work of balancing the day's transactions to be begun an hour earlier, and would obviate most of the overtime which now has to be worked on account of the depletion of staffs. There is considerable opposition to the proposal, chiefly from Stock Exchange circles, where it would delay the clearance of many cheques by a whole day. If it is put into practice it may revive the suggestion, mooted once or twice before, of a special bank for shopkeepers and theatres, who, under present circumstances, have to keep fairly large amounts of money on their own premises over night because the banks are closed. Saturday morning is always a busy time for counter clerks of the banks in the West End, and there is certainly an opening for enterprise in this direction. A departure somewhat of this kind is announced from Manchester, where the Union Bank is now open every Friday evening for Savings' Bank business only. It is also stated that Lloyds' Bank will undertake Savings' Bank business at all its branches. Savings' Bank business, however, is well enough catered for by the Post Office. What is wanted is a departure which will meet the needs of the trader, who, after all, is the bankers' best customer, for it is his account which makes the deposits, and banks cannot lend until they have attracted deposits.

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